

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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SINGING IN THE RAIN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Where the elm-tree branches
By the rain are stirred,
Careless of the shower
Swings a little bird—
Clouds may frown and darken,
Drops may fall in vain,
Little cares the warbler
Singing in the rain!

Silence, soft, unbroken,
Keenest everywhere,
Save the rain's low heart-throb
Beating on the air—
Save the song which, peeping,
Wins no answering strain—
Little cares the wild-bird
Singing in the rain!

Not yet are the orchards
Mild with rosy snow,—
Nor with dandelions
Are the fields a-glow,—
Yet almost, my fancy
In his song's soft flow,
Hears the June leaves whisper,
And the roses blow!

Dimmer fall the shadows,
Mistier grows the air—
Still the thick clouds gather
Darkening here and there—
From their heavy fringes
Pour the drops again—
Still the bird is singing,
Singing in the rain!

Oh, thou hopeful singer,
Whom my faith perceives
To a dove transfigured,
Bringing olive leaves,
Olive leaves of promise,
Types of joy to be—
How, in doubt and trial,
Learn my heart of thee!

Cheerful summer-prophet,
Listening to thy song
How my fainting spirit
Grows glad and strong!
Let the dark clouds gather,
Let the sunbeams wane,
If I may but join thee
Singing in the rain!

Portland, Me.

Original Novels.

FOUR IN HAND; OR, THE BEQUEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

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1858, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office
of the District Court for the Eastern District of
Penn.]

CHAPTER VI.

MEETINGS AND PARTINGS.

It was during his second long vacation that
Philip Coniston first saw the woman, Vesta
Lancaster—for a woman in character, manner
and appearance she had become, though but a
few months past sixteen.

"Maud is not seventeen,
But she is tall and stately."

It happened that Philip was absent, on one
of his visits to his mother, when the Dowager
Lady Egerton arrived at the Hall, and as he
was returning thither in the early morning, he
first met his cousin, walking alone in the park.
Vesta recognized him from a distance, and was
hurry to meet him, when she observed the
slight limp with which he walked. Shocked
and pained, she paused in the utmost confusion,
striving in vain to smile her welcome, or to
utter the glad words which a moment before
were springing to her lips. Philip also paused
before reaching her side, removed his hat in
silence, and stood gazing at the beautiful girl
before him in wonder and bewilderment, as
though she had attained to her proud height,
her womanly beauty and dignity by the magical
growth of a single night.

Vesta first regained self-possession.
"Why, Cousin Philip," she said—"are you
not going to speak to me!—won't you shake
hands with me!"

"Ah, pardon me, Cousin Vesta, if indeed it
be you," said Philip, laughing, and giving to his
cousin a hearty English hand-shake, than which
there is no heartier, franker greeting—the
French kiss, the Italian embrace mean often
infinitely less—"pardon me, for I was quite
struck speechless, and overwhelmed by your
full-blown womanhood. I foolishly enough
looked to see the rose-bud of what was it—
fourteen!—forgetting that it had had time to
transfigure itself into the perfect rose of—"

"The mature age of sixteen years and ten
months. But, Cousin Philip, what a datterer
you have become—you have grown to be like
other young Oxford and Cambridge men," said
Vesta, disquieted, she scarcely knew why, by
the guileful tone of her cousin.

"There you do me wrong," he replied—"I
spoke earnestly, though rather too lightly, per-
haps. I really was taken by surprise—I had
not expected to find you so much changed. It
is marvellous."

"And it has never occurred to you that you
have also changed? I am afraid that I cannot
return your compliment in kind, though. I
can't in conscience, compare you to a rose, un-
less it be to the single white. What have you
been doing to yourself? It is evident that you
have not taken university-life lightly. Are
the old classics such serious company?"

"Do I then wear a serious aspect, a rueful
countenance, even on this happy occasion?"

"Not quite so bad as that—perhaps pensive
would be a better word."

"Oh, no, anything but that mild and maiden-
ly term! You will apostrophize me next in
this wise—"

"Hall, pensive maid, serene and holy!"

You have grown severe, my cousin."

"No, only sane—but I must have my say
out—I see still the old many fire in your eye—
but your cheek is pale, you are most poetically
this—what romantic young ladies would call
'interesting'—but as for me, I would rather see
you as stout and ruddy as—"

"Our Cousin Harold!"

"Not quite—there is a just medium; but as
a young peasant, a shepherd boy,—as David of
old, for instance. You know he was of a 'ruddy
countenance,' 'goodly to look upon.'"

"What is the use!—there is no Goliath for
me to slay."

"I don't know about that, Cousin Philip, 'I
am inclined to believe that every young man
has his Goliath, if he has the sight to perceive
him, and the courage to go out to meet him,' re-
plied Vesta, with quaint seriousness. "But you
will say I am preaching," she continued. "Do
forgive me. I'll promise not to find fault with
you, if you'll not compliment me, or treat me
in any strange, new way. I dare say we shall
like our new selves, as well as we liked the old,
after a while. We have not 'suffered a soul-
change,' after all. I am the same thoughtful
girl who once incited you to a perilous service
—you are the same rash boy who—" here she
paused, reminded of her cousin's lameness,
which for the moment, she had forgotten. She col-
ored, and the tears sprang to her eyes, as she ex-
claimed—"Oh, Cousin Philip, why did you not
tell me all! It was kind, yet unkind of you to
conceal from me the sad consequence of my
childish freak. I feel it all the more keenly
now."

"Why, cousin mine," said the young col-
league, gallantly—"no knight of old was ever
prouder of a wound got in his lady's service
than I of this same limp. It reminds—"

"Stop!" interrupted Vesta, turning upon
him quickly, and convicting him with one look
of her large, frank, womanly eyes—"don't,
I entreat, talk to me in that strain—it is not
true, and I think it is senseless. You cannot be
proud of even the slightest personal misfortune
of that kind."

"Well," said Philip, laughing at her earnest-
ness, "as you put me on my oath, I confess that
it is a little awkward, and I cannot be exactly
proud of it; but have got used to it—reconciled
to it—it does not trouble me now."

"Ah, that is better—I am glad," said Vesta.
But the simple-hearted young girl soon found
to her annoyance and bewilderment, that it
was vain to think of taking up again where
they had dropped them, the old familiar con-
fidential relations of daily intercourse. In heart,
she was less changed than Philip, for she had
loved him with a sentiment and devotion be-
yond her years—he was to her simply what he
had been from the season of their first acquaint-
ance—the best and dearest of friends. A brother,
she who had never known a brother, es-
teemed him—but in truth, he was something
more, even then. Her manner toward him had
changed scarcely more than her feeling. It
was a shade prouder than of old, but the pride
was elated by the same playful frankness,
the same fearless preference. But Philip's
pride had grown morbid—his manner had ac-
quired a guarded shyness—a sort of defiant
deference toward his cousin. She was no
longer his child-love, no longer his little liege
lady—the fairy princess of the boy's first im-
possible romance; but already the woman of
fortune, of assured position, of social advan-
tages, and doubtless social prejudices as well
—of the world, worldly, a patrician, and doubt-
less "with the feelings of her kind." She was
beautiful also, at least to his somewhat whis-
kied artist-taste, which, while upholding the
classic in theory, in reality preferred the less
regular and more spirited type—beautiful and
"noble, certes," and so to be the more jealously
shunned, the more distantly adored by one
secretly vowed to an art the most unworl-
dly, the most exacting—the divine daughter of
Nature and poverty. She was fair enough and
proud enough for a queen of love and beauty—
but even to joust under her colors, for her smile,
he would not enter the lists of rank and fashion.
Pops and lordlings might break dainty lances
for her, and she might crown the victor at last,
some knight of high degree. She was still the
princess of fairy-land, of her sweet mys-
terious charms; but he was no longer the hero
sworn to her service, on the brave quest of
her, eager to plunge through a forest of diffi-
culties and briary obstacles—or rather he had
grown faint hearted and bethought her guarded
by exceeding fierce dragons of interest and prej-
udice—bound in a cold enchantment of caste,
undissolvable by mortal adjuration or de-
votion.

The boy of nineteen, already disillusioned of
life, and double-locking his heart against love!
It was frightful, and yet almost laughable.

Yet Philip verily thought himself noble, when
he was only selfishly proud; strong, when he
was most weak; manly, when he was wretch-
edly morbid.

Vesta Lancaster did not see all this, wise
and clear-sighted as she was, beyond her years.
She did not understand her cousin's character,
as it now appeared to her—she could not re-
concile its contradictions, but she believed that
all was sound and fair, chivalric and beautiful
in its original nature. She thought that the
untimely shadow of distrust and discontent
which had crept over his young face was wholly
from without, and blamed herself for having
lost the child-like power to charm it away—
Even Amy Coniston, in her maternal love-
blindness, was not more observant of the
growing faults of his character, than she; until
unusual circumstances forced them upon her
notice.

Shortly after Vesta's arrival at the Hall, she
drove over to Woolham, and made a long friend-
ly call upon Mrs. Coniston. She returned de-
lighted with her visit, and spoke of it freely at
dinner, not a little to the annoyance of her aunt
and grandmamma.

"Why, my dear," exclaimed the latter, "how
could you do such an improper thing as to go
alone to make a formal visit?"

"Why, dear grandmamma, it is all in the
family, you know," she smiled, "she smiled
around right childly," but her tone had a de-
cided meaning in it, which was understood by
more than one at the table, as a tacit reproach.

"Besides," she added, "it was not a formal
visit, at all—quite the contrary, I assure you."

"Well, well, you are an incorrigible child,
and must have your way, I suppose. One never
heard of such whimsical, independent girls
when I was young. They came in with the
new systems, innovations and insanities of these
latter days—with the free philosophies, and lax
social theories, the *isms* and *isms* which distract
the world."

But the dear old dowager had cause, a little
later, to lift her eyebrows in yet more profound
surprise and serious displeasure, at an incident
which strikingly exhibited the fearless indepen-
dence and generous impulsiveness of her grand-
daughter's character. It happened in this wise:

The party at the Hall had been invited to
join in a fox-hunt, to come off on a portion of
the classic ground of Chery Chase. They were
to set out early, to meet the other gentlemen
and fair dames of the hunt.

Sir Ralph, punctual to a second, headed the
cavalcade, and rode off, accompanied by his son
Hubert. Harold, who was by no means bur-
dened by the faint heart which fails to win the
fair lady, bore off Miss Lancaster. To Philip's
lot fell Miss Georgiana. That young lady was,
as usual, late. She lingered so long at her
toilet, she descended so leisurely from her
chamber, that when she reached the hall-door,
the rest of the party were "over the hills and
far away"—with the exception, of course, of
Philip, her cavalier, who stood patiently wait-
ing for her, idly looking off the fading leaves
of a certain climbing rose-tree with his riding-
whip.

Having assisted his cousin into her saddle,
Philip was giving some directions to the groom,
before mounting himself, when he observed that
Miss Georgiana, who was a bad, though reck-
less rider, had already fretted her spirited
horse till he was becoming unmanageable—
plunging and sidling up against the turret, in a
way to endanger the limbs, if not the life, of
the young lady. To prevent her feet from be-
ing bruised against the rough stone wall, Philip
sprang into his saddle and dashed in between
her and the turret. But Miss Coniston con-
stantly awkwardly to pull on the wrong rein a
moment longer, her horse was crowded against
her cousin's, which, becoming restive, reared
and plunged forward, just as Philip's foot was
caught in a little angle of the wall. His ankle,
the lame one, received a severe wrench, and an
exclamation of uncontrollable pain escaped his
lips.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed Georgiana,
whose reins were now in the safe possession of
the groom.

"Oh, nothing much," replied Philip, wincing
and looking very white; "I have sprained my
ankle, it seems, and I am afraid I cannot go
with you. I am very sorry, but will not ride
on, with Allen! You can soon overtake
the party, at the rate you ride."

"Nonsense, Phil!" exclaimed the young Lady
Gay, with that sort of cheap cheeriness which
some people make a merit of when others suf-
fer, and for their fault; "you are surely not
going to stay away from the hunt, and be cod-
dled up, just for a little sprain! It will be bet-
ter soon. Come, let us be off!"

"No, you must excuse me. I think I am
quite disabled for the time, and the pain is in-
tolerable."

"Well, if you won't go, you must stay, I
suppose. There is no moving you. I know,
when you once set down your foot, even if it
is your lame one; and I dare say you will enjoy
yourself better at home, under all the circum-
stances. So good-morning," and the amiable
young lady galloped off, followed by her groom.

Philip was helped into the house by a ser-
vant, and up into his old place of refuge, the
library. He could go no farther, for the pain
and faintness caused by his hurt. The kind
housekeeper came to him at once, and bound
up the injured foot, applying some soothing
liniment. There was neither fracture nor dis-
location this time—it was only a sprain, but
who does not know what acute suffering a mere
sprain may cause one.

The housekeeper had just left him, and Philip
was lying on a sofa, pale and exhausted. The
pain was subsiding, but there was creeping over
him a dismal, childish sense of helplessness and
desertion—a bitter, sullen resentment against
he knew not who or what—when he heard a
quick, light, familiar step in the hall without—

the door was flung open, and Vesta Lancaster
appeared, just as she had come in from a rapid
ride—in her blue cloth habit and plumed hat,
whip in hand, cheeks flushed with exercise and
excitement, and hair tossed about by the wind.
Philip started up in astonishment at this sud-
den apparition.

"Why, Cousin Vesta—Miss Lancaster, why
have you returned so soon?"

"To stay with you. What else should bring
me back? I heard of your accident from Geo-
rgiana, who showed herself a heartless little
mix in leaving you. But tell me, are you much
hurt?"

"Not seriously—only a sprain."

"Oh, thank Heaven!" exclaimed Vesta, fer-
vently. "I was afraid," she added, with a pain-
ful blush, "I was horribly afraid when I drew
out of Georgiana, by close questioning, that it
was your right ankle, that it might be a fracture
in the old place."

"Oh, nothing half so bad as that," replied
Philip, coloring, in his turn, but with pleasure.
"And now, my dear cousin, that you have seen
how slight a hurt it is, let me beg of you to
leave me at once, and return to the hunting
party. It will not be too late to rejoin them,
for doubtless they will wait for you."

"Yes, Cousin Philip, it is too late to rejoin
them—and no, they will not wait for me. I
told them I was coming back to stay with you—
—come what would. I withstood their rallies,
received a pretty sharp volley of ridicule and
remonstrance, but rode away with all colors
flying."

"My gallant cavalier insisted, sullenly enough,
I must say, on accompanying me home, and as I
could not drive him back, I out-ride him—my
Black Bess being the better animal, and carrying
considerably less weight, and I believe he soon
gave up the chase—at least, I have not seen him
since I came over the hill. They all know me
too well, I fancy, to wait for me, so you see, my
'poor unfortunate,' you will have to submit to
my company, this morning, *bon gré, mal gré*; I
will just run up to my room to doff this riding
'toggery,' as our worshipful Cousin Harold
calls it, and will be with you in a trice."

Philip smiled, gratefully, proudly on the
beautiful girl as she bounded from the room, the
very plumes of her hat nodding a cheery *ad-
ieu*. He was enchanted—his face assumed as
he forgot the old bright, frank, careless look—
he forgot his wary, unreasoning pride—his
wise resolves and self-imposed limits—he al-
most ignored his throbbing and swollen foot,
and for a time dwelt in Arcadia.

Vesta returned with her hair smoothed into
subdued, glossy ringlets, and her riding-habit
replaced by a simple home dress of some soft
texture, and of a hue which was a comfort to
the eye—a delicate lilac, one of the last vanishing
gradations of mourning.

All that glorious autumnal morning she sat,
contentedly conversing with her cousin, reading
to him, or ministering to his little wants, all
with the charming freedom and kindness of
the happy old time, which to the venerable
party seemed a small age ago. She took down
Percy's *Reliques*, and read to him, in a voice
sweeter than singing, the grand old ballad
of Chery Chase—and both being poets, in their
way, agreed that it was better to be present, in
imagination, at such scenes of fierce sport and
fierce fight, than to join bodily a stupid mod-
ern hunting party of college youths and coun-
try gentlemen, rash girls and timid mammas,
and be in at the death of one poor worn out
stag, or miserable Roanard.

"What a pretty book-mark!" said Vesta, as
she sat turning over the leaves of the volume.

"Yours, I suppose, from the motto—'Philip-
pene,'—orthography sacrificed to a pun!"

"Oh, yes, a little jest of Georgiana's. I had
no idea where I had left that sole token of my
fair cousin's regard. I should have treasured it
more carefully."

"Yes, suppose she had found it in this dusty,
forgotten old book of ballads!"

"Oh, no danger—nobody in this house, with
the exception of your fair self and humble ser-
vant, is at all given to the reading of poetry
and romance. As far as the family are con-
cerned, two-thirds of these books might as well
be the wooden shams with which I have heard,
a certain ingenious American enriched the
shelves of his library. When there are no
guests at the Hall, this room is very little used,
even for social purposes; my uncle's family
almost abandon it. The very atmosphere of
literature seems distasteful to them. Just such
libraries as these, I have always fancied haun-
ted by the ghosts of the neglected poets. They
certainly could not choose a place where they
would be less likely to be disturbed. Sometimes
I have sat in my window-seat, yonder, alone all
through the gloaming, and till quite into the
night—and then I have fancied the room peop-
led with them. They came in with the weird
light of stars or of the young moon. I have
seemed to hear the solemn stride of the old
Greeks and Latins—to hear the stir of their
vestures. I have seen the white flow of Ho-
mer's beard, and the tremble of his groping
hands. I have heard the rattle of Petrarch's
laurels, and seen the stately shade of Dante
walking apart."

"And Shakespeare?"

"Oh, he always sits in state, in that large
arm chair, under his bust—and at his feet re-
clines the gentle Spenser. They never walk.
Before that west window I have seen Shelley
stand, in the clear moonlight, the water drip-
ping from his hair, but the shadow and stain of
life all washed from his spirit and heaven lit
up in his melancholy eyes,—and beside him,
the pale, yearning face of Keats."

"And Byron?"

"Yes, I have once or twice caught a glimpse
of his face. It seems still full of passion and
unrest, as though the clouds of mortal strife
and sorrow had not yet broken away."

"And Scott, does he ever come?"

"No, he was too intensely human and social
to enjoy strolling about o' nights. You know he
really never saw Melrose by moonlight. He
would make a most uncomfortable ghost. But
I have seen Milton, with his grand pathetic
face, his great blank eyes from which the slight
wandered off to the celestial worlds, and never
returned—and sometimes I have fancied poor
Chatterton crouched in a dark corner, and have
heard his desolate sobbing."

"There now, that will do, Cousin Philip!"
exclaimed Vesta—"I declare you make my
flesh creep. I shall never dare to enter this
haunted room again after dark. Such a formi-
dable troop of ghosts—and such illustrious ones
too! No more 'an thou lovest me.' Ah, cousin
mine, your imagination ran riot in the men-
tal isolation of your life here. It was well you got
out of it."

"There never was a more reasonable man
succeeded. Patience and patience, we shall
win at last. We must be very suspicious of
the deceptions and elements of time. It takes
a good deal of time to eat or sleep, or to earn
hundred dollars, and a very little time to enter
into a hope and an insight which becomes the
light of our life.—Emerson."

"An unimaginative individual, on visiting
the Falls of Niagara, was greatly perplexed at
the astonishment expressed by his companions
and on one of them exclaiming to him—'Is it
not a most wonderful fall?' replied, 'Wonder
was now rolling in some secure earthly land-
sary, laughing at his baffled pursuers. But
when Philip was helped up to his chamber,
winning at every step, he felt utterly content
with his day."

Philip rapidly recovered from this hurt, and
in a few days was able to take his usual walks,
with the aid of a cane—which slight help he
made haste to dispense with. During his con-
valescence—a cousin, Georgiana, felt shame-
dignified in paying him some kindly attentions,
which were rather permitted than accepted, while a
word of friendly inquiry, the slightest offer of
assistance from Vesta Lancaster, sent a thrill of
strange, passionate joy through his heart—
a joy which he yet jealously guarded from all
eyes, even hers. She at last believed him in-
sensible or indifferent to the kindness and
honor she had done him, by an act which to
some degree compromised her by its singu-
larity and publicity, drew upon her the rude
galleries of her cousin, and the severe censure
of her grandmamma."

"But never mind," she said to herself, "I
acted from a genuine impulse of the heart, and
according to the spirit of our old friendship,
and I will not regret it now, though he does
seem to have taken it in a singularly cool and
matter-of-course way. Oh, those men! I am
beginning to find them out already."

It was during this autumn that Vesta first
saw her mother's uncle, Hugh Coniston, who
came to the Hall, for a brief visit. She was
charmed with the noble old man—recognizing
by the freemasonry of the soul, all that was
generous and chivalric in his character, and
taking most kindly to his crotchets and eccen-
tricities. Schemes and theories that to others
were palpable absurdities, the vagaries of a
diseased benevolence, she found based on a
solid element not alone of goodness, but of
good sense. She listened with unfeigned in-
terest, even with enthusiasm, to the minutest
details of his plans for the benefit of his tenantry
and retainers, and the education of their chil-
dren. He owned some mines in Yorkshire, and
was deeply interested in the miners and their
families. He had found, he said, that the grimy
depths in which toiled this race of human
gnomes were but types of the spiritual dark-
ness and degradation in which their neglected
souls were groping. He visited them fre-
quently—mingled with them freely—not as a
master, not as a self-appointed missionary of
the common "unco guid" type, not as a su-
perior by nature, or divine grace—but simply
as a man among men—a friend and fellow, who
would gladly be a helper. The quarterly ad-
vent of the gruff but kindly old nabob, in his
dismal, underground world, intent on giving
happiness, "aid and comfort," followed as each
visit was, with a hearty feast of good beef and
ale—was better for them, than would have
been the daily descent of a troop of tract-dis-
tributing angels of the Pardiggle order. He
had none of the grimness of dissenting piety—
none of the primness of established-churchism;
he had, as they could see, "no religion to speak
of"—only that kind which speaks for itself, in
the silent eloquence of good works.

"A good religion for this life," I think I hear
some evangelical reader admit—and therefore,
my friend for all life. This is God's world, as
truly as the seventh heaven, and what is good
for our little time, is good for his 'eternal
years.'"

But to return. When he had gained the
confidence, the hearty, human liking of miners,
tenants, and servants, the master became
the teacher, the adviser. He instituted schools
for their children, and looked carefully after
their health, comfort and habits. His free
schools were hardly after the usual style of
such charities. They were but supplementary
homes, improved, enlivened and enlightened,
where the children were so happy as to forget
that they were poor, and where they soon
ceased to be ignorant. No formal reports were
made out about them—no solemn committees
came to question, to organize, and gorgeously
—they were never degraded by an elec-
tionary livery, gowns and pinnacles of a

poison primitive out, knee-breeches of shabby,
and blue coats of alms. Yet the benevolence
of Hugh Coniston was not bounded by his ser-
vice; it reached in many untraced ways to the
wide outside world—carrying joy and hope
to many a desolate home—staying the falling
brother, lifting the halting sister, recovering
the lost child.

Some of the ideas for the relief of the
poor and the reclaimers of the erring, which
he advanced as peculiarly his own, Vesta
recognized as the special thunder of various
ponderous benevolent associations—but she did
not smile at his simplicity, or distrust his in-
nocent egotism, by telling him that the projects
he so modestly revealed to her in hours of lov-
ing confidence, had already been proclaimed to
the world from Exeter Hall.

Vesta could not even see anything ridiculous
in the four-in-hand turn-out of her uncle. She
admired the spirit, resolution and persistence
with which he had carried out the whimsical
prescription of his medical adviser; and on his
first playful invitation, trusted herself fearlessly
to his bold chariot-driving.

In his turn, he may be sure the nabob was
charmed with his grand-niece. A character so
childlike yet so womanly, as poetic yet so
practical, so spirited yet so tractable, so
proud yet so tender—he had never before
known—at least, he said, in a tone which
sounded like a sigh, or like tears—"Not for
many years." She even bade fair to rival
Amy Coniston in his favor and affection. Her
youth did not seem alien to his kindly old age.
Her fresh-heartedness, the sight of her bloom,
the atmosphere of her hopeful, helpful spirit,
warmed his heart and revived his nobler en-
ergies and holiest human sympathies. He
knew her better after all, than Philip, because
he loved her freely, fearlessly and unselfishly—
and such love ever brings with it insight the
most clear and unerring, a divine understand-
ing—it is the clairvoyance of the heart. As
love is the native, divine atmosphere of every
soul born out of the life of God, so He has
made it impossible for us to see one another
clearly through any other medium. Contempt, in-
difference, distrust, and hatred blur, darken and
distort. Love is its utmost graciousness, only
fills out the possibilities of the soul, and antici-
pates by a few cycles and degrees excellence
and attainment. Idealization is, after all, only
prophecy.

Vesta Lancaster not only drove out with her
uncle, read to him, sung to him, and indulged
in long *révérences* with him—(golden head of
youth, silver head of age—who could say
which was the most beautiful?)—but she set
up her easel in the library, and took his por-
trait in crayons; and a very creditable work it
was, "better than likely."

After so propitious a beginning, it was little
wonder that their friendship grew and flourish-
ed mightily, and that when Philip Coniston
made his next visit to Wytham Court, he found
Miss Lancaster and her stately grandmamma
established there on the footing of familiar
guests.

It was during this visit that Philip first saw
his cousin's general society, and saw that where-
ever she moved, she drew men's eyes, and
what was better, women's eyes, after her, in
admiration and kindly liking. He could not
do her or others the injustice to suppose that
all this homage, spoken and unspoken, was
given to her merely as the probable heiress of
Lady Egerton, and the possible inheritor of
Wytham Court. Vesta was, in the best sense
of the term, a brilliant woman. She was mis-
tress of that social magic called *tact*, but she
used it innocently, generously. With admir-
able sense and a very pleasant humor, she had
a piquant power of expression, which stirred
the minds of those about her, and caused them to
"bring forth treasures new and old."

Her wit had a sparkling saline property, and fresh-
ened one up like a sea-breeze; while her fifth
in humanity, her aspiring and ardent spirit, so
free from any taint of sentimentality, or mawk-
ish romance, touched the worldliest heart with
generous, long-forgotten enthusiasms.

But Vesta's success in society did not serve
to draw Philip to her feet or even to her side,
but rather increased his unhappy reserve. A
wilful, unreasoning spirit of distrust and self-
depreciation held entire possession of him—
widening by imperceptible degrees the gulf
which his own pride had set between him and
the love of his generous boyhood.

Then, too, there was ever near the unsympa-
thetic fairy godmother, the sleepless dragoness,
the grandest of grandmammies, less gracious
even than of old, to the half-plebeian, wholly
penitent dependent on the bounty of Sir Ralph
Coniston. She now either treated him with
that species of icy politeness which is the thum-
best disguise of insolence the most offensive,
or she overlooked him altogether. Sometimes
she seemed to look clean through him, as though
he had been transparent, and to have her vision
filled with the young lord, or the rich commoner
beyond him. But this is a kind of second sight
by no means peculiar to elderly dowagers.—
Fond mamma and charming young ladies are
often gifted with it.

On the evening before Philip's return to Ox-
ford, however, her ladyship changed her tactics,
and in an after-dinner conversation, graciously
lowered herself to his level, and was affable,
even engaging—all for a purpose, without doubt,
and as Philip well knew, yet strangely enough,
was caught in the snare. Her theme was Vesta;
all she had done,

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TERMS.
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined.—"To H.," "Something Funny about Society," "My Home," "Madeline."

CHURCH FAIRS.

We have received a communication from Mr. B. B. P., of Lincoln, Ill., relative to the Fair held by the churches, from which we make the following extract:—

Getting somewhat old, and claiming the privilege of an old man, I will offer a few strictures on a recent editorial in your paper. In the number of the Post for April 24th, appears a very sensible and well written article on Lottery Swindles, with an earnest appeal to the clergy to raise their united voices against lotteries and every other species of gambling. Now, it appears to me that such a rebuke would come with an ill grace from the popular clergy of our country; when they are uniting with their members in holding religious fairs for the purpose of gain. And what are these fairs but gambling institutions on a small scale, and with ten fold enormity of guilt, because they are clothed with the sacred name of religion. A religious fair is a lottery in one sense; a large one having a gold ring of trifling value is put in the cake, which being cut into from 20 to 30 pieces, and sold at from 50 cents to one dollar per slice, is a downright system of gambling; only one successful gambler can get the ring, and then gets but a poor equivalent for his investment—could get as good as almost any shop for the same money. Dollars and silver trumpery are sold at these fairs for 15 and 20 times their cost at toy stores. These things are winked at by editors and encouraged by clergymen, which, in my judgment, is a complete license for all the gambling institutions of our country.

We agree with our correspondent that things often are done at the fairs held to collect money for churches, that are much to be regretted. Those who make a profession of religion should not only avoid that which is evil in itself, but also even "the appearance of evil." Lotteries, raffles, and everything else, however trifling, into which the idea of gambling enters, are inconsistent, as it seems to us, with a high religious profession—and for churches and ministers to give them their countenance, in even the smallest degree, seems to us no insignificant error.

In relation to the sale of articles at high prices at Fairs, we do not see that it justly can be objected to, so long as no moral or religious compulsion is exerted to compel people to attend and buy. The design of a Fair is to raise money—and those who purchase are often pleased to give to the object contemplated, by paying a higher price for what they buy than its real value. If a man choose to give a dollar for a toy that he knows he could purchase elsewhere for one-fourth the amount, because the profits go to build a new church, what wrong is done any one by the transaction? We wish our correspondent would reconsider his judgment in this matter, in all fairness, and without prejudice. It does seem to us that he is a little captious in this respect. Human nature is a rather complex and somewhat curious affair. Men and women are but "children of a larger growth." They must often be allured and amused into what is strictly for their own good. Why, if we can raise five hundred dollars easily through the excitement and variety of a Fair—and could hardly raise the money at all in any other way—and it is for the good of the community that the amount should be raised—why not get up the Fair? Grant that it would be better if those having the means would needly and soberly step forward and raise the needed sum by subscription—grant that there is something childlike and trifling in this holding of Fairs by churches—what do these admissions amount to, when it becomes a simple question of hold the Fair and raise the money, or hold no Fair and get no money? Really, so long as no false principle like that of gambling be allowed to contaminate the childlike innocence of the whole matter, we can see no objection to the practice.

And, further, is there not a possibility that human nature, which we have characterized as childlike in its action in this respect, is really more wise than some of us discreet ones, who plunge ourselves upon our superiority to such nonsense, are willing to admit? The old proverb says that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Is not the love of amusement

and excitement, shown in the getting-up and getting-down of Fairs, childlike as it may seem, really a wise protest of our uneducated masses against the danger of gravity and sobriety settling into the rigid lines of austerity and gloom? One whom we all acknowledge as our Master, said that we must become like little children, if we would enter the kingdom. The lambs of the flock—why should they not show in some degree the spirit of lambs? And is not a Fair, properly conducted, promotive of much kind feeling, of much pleasant converse and intercourse? Is it not calculated to break down the partition walls between different members of the same church, of different degrees, and thus makes all feel more like "sisters" and "brothers" indeed?

Again, the members of our various religious sects, are provoked by their principles and their scruples from entering into many of the amusements of the world around them. Now, without suitable relaxation, life is too apt to grow monotonous and wearisome. If we lay down our mental burdens occasionally, they seem lighter when we again resume them—for the saddle that is never removed, must, sooner or later, begin to gall. In view of these facts, we should not like to utter anything calculated still further to abridge the pleasures of the members—especially the youthful ones—of our various religious denominations. While not finding for ourselves any particular amusement or enjoyment in Fairs of any kind, we remember that it is "a wide, wide world"—and the older we grow, the more tolerant we think we become of all that is not positively evil and hurtful. The way is hard to many—and though really short, it seems long to the weary. Who can forbid when they turn aside occasionally into bowers of solace and refreshment for a moment's respite, especially when he perceives that as they emerge therefrom, they take up anew their burdens with a fresher spirit and a more vigorous step?

THE POSITION OF FRANCE.

That the position of France is a cause of considerable uneasiness in Europe, is confessed on all sides. Louis Napoleon seems to be bent upon creating a navy equal to that of England, notwithstanding that his treasury yearly shows an increasing deficit, and the agricultural and business prosperity of France is not such as to warrant the laying of any fresh burdens upon it. The *Moniteur*, his official organ, said recently in its non-official columns:—

"There are certain persons, who, in order to maintain uneasiness in the public mind, daily invent false news. Thus the Parisian correspondence of the Independence Belge pretends that great maritime armaments are being made in France. This is completely untrue. There has been no change made in the Budget prepared for the year 1858 and 1859."

But the *London Times* quotes from the *Moniteur* itself a statement that there is an increase in the Navy Budget for 1859, over that for 1858, of more than five and a half millions of dollars. Now, inasmuch as a bankrupt treasury is generally the rock upon which the governments of France split, it is not likely that Louis Napoleon is increasing his military, and especially his naval, expenses without an object. And yet, as we have said, we cannot conceive that he is preparing for an invasion, at some propitious moment, of England, without the English themselves being fully aware of it. The instant any European power begins to increase its fleets and armies, its neighbors naturally take the alarm—and often demand the object of such increase. And therefore it is not very likely that the English statesmen would be caught napping in a matter of such immense importance to them. We think the results will prove that the French Emperor is looking in some other direction—after something that would pay better both in gold and glory. Of course, if he could succeed in capturing London—the Bank of England inclusive—it would be a magnificent "speculation." Why, the ransom of London—it might be put at something fabulous. But the probable end of such an attempt would be a disastrous repulse, a rising of the revolutionary elements of France, and another Napoleon on another rock of St. Helena. Still, "nothing ventured nothing gained" may be again his motto, as the dice are often turned up in his favor. As to his own declarations—if he has made such—that he has no designs against England, of course they would not be worth any more than his oath to support that Constitution which he so unscrupulously overthrow. Such characters as he naturally attract Talleyrand's famous motto, that "words are given us to conceal our thoughts"—and all the infamy of a lie with such men consists in being found out before their actions have unveiled their plans. But as John Bull has held his own with Talleyrand and Metternich, it is not likely that he will be glibly replying too much confidence in the professions of Louis Napoleon.

OUTRAGES BY BRITISH STEAMERS.—Various American vessels report having been fired into by steamships belonging to the British Navy, on or near the coast of Cuba. The accounts—unless exaggerated or distorted—would show a serious want of sense and manners on the part of the British officers. But it is always well to hear both sides of a story before making up an opinion—even if one side be that of a foreigner. Our Government doubtless has, ere this, taken measures to bring this matter before the English officials. It is so clearly the interest of Great Britain not to injure or insult the United States, and the feeling expressed of late, has been so uniformly friendly on the part of the British people, that we have little doubt that any naval officer who is proved guilty of objectionable conduct, will be immediately reprimanded, and the proper apology given.

A Sicilian barque which recently arrived at this port, is said to have brought among a cargo of oranges and lemons, a few thousands of an "improved" species of roaches. These roaches are said to be from two to three inches in length—of a dark-brown color; and a class of them called "scorpion-backs" crunch under the foot "like a remarkably tough egg-shell." We consider the officers of our port very remiss in not ordering the vessel in question into quarantine—for surely it has the vilest kind of a "plague" aboard.

THE GRASSHOPPER VISITA.—The grasshopper visitation in Texas is really something very serious—and we trust it is not true that the Middle States are next to be ravaged by these locusts. The Texas "True Issue" says:—

We never witnessed a more gloomy prospect than that which presents at this time. The last two crops have been almost total failures, and the present must necessarily be little better, unless the grasshoppers depart—within a few weeks, so that another crop may be planted. A failure this season will well nigh ruin the country. Farmers will be compelled to emigrate in order to find food and employment for their hands. Real estate has depreciated in price more than half—indeed, lands are not selling at all.

While the *Gonzales Inquirer* gives an idea in the following of the numbers of the destroyers:—

One of our farmers last week caught upwards of one hundred pounds of grasshoppers in about three hours. He weighed one pound of the insects, counted them and found it contained twelve hundred and sixty, giving him in round numbers something like one hundred and thirty thousand grasshoppers, and yet he could not see that they had diminished in the least.

Another gentleman has been catching and weighing them for the last week, and at last accounts, caught something like four thousand pounds out of his garden.

In the old times, when the locusts used to ravage a people, it was generally considered a punishment for their sins. Was that view of the matter correct?

THE LIQUOR LAW.—In the case of various applications at Exeter, in this State, for licenses under the liquor law passed by the last Legislature, the Court decided that the Legislature had not made it obligatory on them to grant a license to every applicant whose papers were in due form, without inquiry into the necessity of the house for the accommodation of the public. It is said that the position is based on the legal operation of a proviso in the sixth section of the new law, and also upon the argument that by the repeal of a repealing law the third section of the Act of 1834 was unexpectedly revived. It is generally considered at Exeter a capital joke upon the Legislature—they having clearly intended to do what it is now said they have not done. What is law is always a doubtful question—and, as the proverb says, "Doubtful things are very uncertain."

THE ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.—We trust our readers will bear in mind the annual exhibition of new paintings, now open. A morning or afternoon can be very pleasantly spent at the Academy—though the better plan is to purchase a season ticket, and not attempt to do too much sight-seeing at once. Among other pictures worthy of notice, are several by George C. Lambdin, a young artist whose paintings have attracted much attention at the recent exhibitions. "Reverie," and the "Child Kaiting," have decided merit.

New Publications.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LAST DAYS OF SHELLEY AND BYRON, by E. J. TRELAWNEY, (Ticknor & Fields, Boston, T. B. Peterson, Philada.) is the title of a book recently introduced to our readers by ample extracts. Its interest—which is undeniably great—is owing mainly to its subject. What reminiscence of Shelley and Byron could fail to be interesting? The reminiscence in this case, however, must be considered wholly valueless as fact, save where corroborated by the evidence of others. Conceit, braggadocio, and malice are so evident throughout the volume, particularly in its mention of Byron, that no one can rise from its perusal without a feeling of contempt for the author. Mr. Trelawney would have himself the central figure, and Shelley and Byron must walk diminished under the legs of their mighty guardian Guide, philosopher, and friend to both the poets, any one would think Mr. Trelawney really was, did any one trust this record of Mr. Trelawney's meditations and wanderings, virtues and services, in which Shelley and Byron appear as necessary and illustrative figures. But it is in relation to Byron alone, that the record is especially odious. Its most prominent characteristic is the pertinacity with which Byron's faults are detailed—no excellence being mentioned except to deepen some bad trait by contrast. Now judging by Mr. Trelawney's exhibition of himself in this volume, we should say that he was just the person to provoke Byron's resentment by his arrogance and impudence, and we have not the slightest doubt that it is in petty revenge for past slights and snubbings that the poor fool now defames the poet's memory. Defamation it certainly is, and quite as certainly is Trelawney not only a tattling spy, but a malicious detractor, abusing Byron's kind confidence in his feeling as a friend and his honor as a gentleman. What Byron was, we all to a certain extent, know. Hitherto, in whatever prominence his vices, follies, and errors may have appeared, they have "stuck a-ry off" on the foil of a nature sacred to and respected by much that was generous and noble. But according to this caricature now basting on his fame, we must give up all we know of his excellencies, and conclude that he was entirely compounded of odious meanness and detestable littleness. Byron was "affected"—Byron was "vain"—Byron was "dawdling"—Byron was "lazy"—Byron was "cynical"—Byron was "savage"—Byron was "unjust and ungenerous"—Byron was "selfish"—Byron was a "shuffler" and an "equivocator"—Byron was a weak and empty "braggart"—Byron was a mean "misser"—Byron "treated women as beings devoid of soul or sense"—Byron was "careless of any wrongs but his own"—such are the features in the latest portrait of Byron by Trelawney. We do not, perhaps, fully realize how completely Mr. Trelawney is indebted to his fancy for these facts, nor do we fully perceive how small and base a creature he is, until we come upon his complacent narration of the closing scene. Byron died at Missolonghi. Mr. Trelawney entered the room where he lay in his coffin. He knew, he tells us, that Byron had left strict orders with his valet, Fletcher, that no one was to see his feet, which were carefully wrapped up in the shroud. But Mr. Trelawney was so determined as peeping Tom of Coventry, so he asked Fletcher to

bring him a glass of water. Then comes the revelation:—

"On his leaving the room, to confirm or remove my doubts as to the cause of his lameness, I uncovered the Plurim's feet, and was amazed—the great mystery was solved. Both his feet were clubbed, and his legs withered to the knee—the form and features of an Apollo, with the feet and legs of a sylvan satyr."

"The great mystery was solved." It is unnecessary, of course, to waste a single word on the mean action which Mr. Trelawney so complacently boasts—but the reader who has thus far attended him in his narration, here wonders why the great mystery had never been solved before? Mr. Trelawney goes on to tell us how sedulously Lord Byron concealed his malformation with wide trousers and padded boots, but then Mr. Trelawney had swam with Lord Byron frequently—he brags largely and loudly of his swimming matches with him—and the question that naturally occurs to the reader is—Do swimmers swim with wide trousers and padded boots? Mr. Trelawney cannot answer affirmatively, because on page 134, he tells of swimming with Byron on the Tuscan coast, and says—"he (Byron) stripped, and went into the water, and so did I and my companion—Before we got a mile out, Byron was sick, etc. Byron being 'stripped,' why did not Mr. Trelawney see his clubbed feet then? Why was not the great mystery solved then? On another occasion, Byron and he swam three miles to the yacht *Bolivar* and back. At this time Byron and he were swimming together for hours every day. Where were Mr. Trelawney's eyes? At Cephalonia, they bathed together every afternoon. No word from Mr. Trelawney about clubbed feet—the great mystery! A single downward glance on any of these occasions would have shown him all—but he refrained. Could the folly of lying any farther go? Was ever a falsehood more flimsy? Falstaff's tale of the men in buckram was not grosser in its demand on the credulity. We pity Trelawney when Byron lays hands on him on the other side of Styx! Meanwhile his clubbed feet story will show the reader how much dependence may be placed on anything he says.

The pleasantest part of the book is that relating to Shelley. But even here, Mr. Trelawney, who never loses an opportunity to disgust his readers, makes us sick with a loathsome account of the funeral obsequies of the poet. While Shelley's body was consuming on the pyre—our readers will remember that it was burned—Byron and Leigh Hunt, like men of decent sensibility, kept in the background, but Trelawney, like a coarse ghoul, must satisfy his ghastly curiosity with gleaning on the corpse, and horrifies the heart of the reader with the hideous details of the cremation. Apart from this, what he says of Shelley is interesting, and being in agreement with what we hear from other sources, may therefore be trusted. It is another confirmation of the matchless nobleness of Shelley's character, that even this brazen fool softens into respect when he speaks of him. Great indeed must have been that recorded gentleness and humility which could leave unroused the insect spite of a Trelawney. The feeling of Browning's "Memorial" is the feeling one has for Trelawney in this relation.

"And did you then see Shelley plain?
And did he really speak to you?
And did you speak to him again?
How strange it seems and new!
"But you were living before then—
And you are living after:
And the memory I started at—
My starting moves your laughter?
"I know a moor with a name of its own,
And a place in the world, no doubt—
Yet a single hand-breadth shines alone
Midst the blank miles round about.
"For there I picked up on the heather—
And there I put within my breast—
A mottled feather—an eagle's feather—
Well, I forgot the rest."

Mr. Trelawney has just this claim to consideration. The readers may pick up from him the eagle's feathers of one redeeming fact by which alone he is worthy to be remembered—his episode of intimacy with Shelley. Take away this, and he is nothing but the burly, beef-eating, bragging blockhead who wrote paltry lies about Byron, and foolishly printed them.

DISCOURSES ON PROPHECY. BY JOHN G. WILSON, Minister of the Gospel. Philadelphia, 1857. We have read this volume of 336 pages, with a great deal of interest. Mr. Wilson is an able exponent of a certain school of Millenarians, who have examined with much moderation and discretion, those promises and prophecies of the Scripture, upon which Millenarianism founded its hasty and unwieldy predictions. Unlike those who give the texts in question an exclusively spiritual interpretation, the Millenarians hold, that as one class of prophecies were fulfilled by the first coming of the Saviour in the flesh, so another class will be fulfilled in a similar manner, by the second coming of Christ in his spiritual and glorified body—that the saints, both those who "sleep" and those who are alive, will be raised and "changed in a moment," according to a literal interpretation of the language of the Apostle Paul, as well as of various other Scriptures, and that Christ will then descend with his saints to the earth, and reign with them as "priests and kings" over the multitudes of men, for the term of a thousand years—when the rest of the dead shall be raised, and shall receive the fitting punishment of their transgressions. Mr. Wilson's belief relative to the ultimate reconcoment and redemption of these latter—though he holds that they always will remain in an inferior and subordinate position—and thus, in one sense, be eternally punished—is, we believe, his own peculiar view, and not that of the school to which he belongs. The following brief summary of the doctrines enfolded in his volume, will give our readers a still clearer idea of their character:—

The Discourses treat of the work of Redemption from its institution in the garden of Eden, on the fall of man, through all its stages, till Christ's triumph shall be complete over His foes, and the grand consummation shall be reached in the subjection and reconcoment of all

to God. It is reasoned that the object of the present and preceding dispensations of grace is the redemption of all the believers in Christ from sin, and their preparation, by trial, for a condition of peculiar glory, dignity and blessedness which will be conferred on them at the approaching termination of this age, when Christ will come personally, raise such of them as are dead in immortal, incorruptible and glorified bodies, change such of them as shall then be alive and remain on the earth to the same condition, and constitute them all Kings and Priests in His Kingdom which He will establish under the whole heaven—that the dominion of the world will be given to them, and all the rest of mankind, through the different phases of the kingdom—all the dead being restored to life again—shall be subject to their government, under which they will be punished for their sins, and finally subdued and reconciled to God; so that, at last, every knee shall bow to Him, and every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father.

The following is a condensed statement of the leading characteristics of the views taken by the author of the plan of Redemption:—

1. The Scriptures reveal the scheme of God's moral government over the world.
2. Adam was a representative man. His obedience under trial would have secured to him the Dominion of the world, and the life of all his race. And his obedient posterity would have been glorified with him, and thus have been subjected to their government. The disobedience of Adam occasioned his deposition from the headship of the world, and involved himself and all his race in the penalty of death.

3. Jesus Christ is the second representative man, through whom, according to the provisions of grace, the original design will be restored and fulfilled in the justification and exaltation of all believers, who at the First resurrection will be made kings and priests with him; and in the condemnation and subjection of all the rest of mankind, who being restored to life again shall be under their government.

4. Prior to Christ's first advent in the flesh, a fair trial was given to man, to demonstrate whether it were practicable to qualify a nation in natural flesh, for the dominion of the world. The result of which shows that the government of the world cannot be entrusted to any nation or people in natural flesh.
5. The saints, embracing all believers in Christ from the fall of man to Christ's second advent, by the first resurrection and translation, shall be glorified with Christ at His coming, that they may reign with Him.

6. The second advent of Christ will be characterized by two stages: first, from the Heavens, at which He now is; to the air; and second, from the air to the earth; between which stages a trial of the nations will take place, having respect to their subjection to the kingdom of Israel under the coming Messiah.
7. At the second stage, Christ will judge and subdue the nations, introduce the Millennium, and reign as the Messiah on David's throne. After the Millennium a rebellion will ensue, ending in fiery consumption of the rebellious, and princely rewards for the faithful Millenians.

8. Then the unbelieving of all preceding dispensations will be raised from death, and punished for their unbelief, they shall be subjected to the government and become reconciled to God.
9. The Saints will, in their condition of glory and blessedness, have an everlasting reward; and the unbelieving, in their condition of subjection and dishonor, will have an everlasting punishment; though they will be made obedient subjects of the Kingdom, and as happy as such a condition will allow.

10. When all shall thus be subjected and reconciled, according to the eternal purpose of God, the Son Himself, having completed the work of Mediation, having fully manifested the Father to all intelligences, will no longer need to appear as God the Father, but will be known as "a subject to the Father," and "God shall be all in all."

The price of the "Discourses" bound in cloth, is one dollar. Address the author, 242 Hanover street, Kensington, Philadelphia, who, on receipt of the price, in current money or postage stamps, will send the book by mail or otherwise, postage or freight pre-paid.

OUR LITTLE ONES IN HEAVEN (Gould & Lincoln, Boston,) is a collection of prose and verse relating to the death of young children. HUGH MILLER'S OLD RED SANDSTONE, (Gould & Lincoln, Boston,) his first geological work, and too well known to need any recommendation, is here presented in a new and enlarged edition.

CIFRINA, by G. W. M. REYNOLDS, THE IRON CROSS, by COBB, CHARLES RAMSFORD, by CAPT. CHAMBER, and ROBERT OAKLANDS, by LEIGH RITCHIE, (T. B. Peterson,) are cheap blood-and-thunder and milk-and-water novels.

THE GRASSHOPPERS.—The vast swarms of grasshoppers which have been devastating the prairies of Texas, steered a north west course upon their departure thence, as they rose to a great height from the ground, and then for a long journey, it is a melancholy conclusion that they are coming up this way. Myriads of them are now eating up vegetation in Ohio. It is, therefore, no very violent supposition that Pennsylvania, with a rather milder climate than Iowa, is not unlikely to be visited by them. These insects are not like the common grasshopper, which are every summer found in our fields and roads, but are of the size of a locust, with the same gregarious habits. The ordinary grasshopper is weak of wing, and never rises to a great height, whereas the locusts which have so repeatedly devastated Utah and Texas, rise far into the upper air, and move off together to great distances, like wild geese. They appear in innumerable hosts, and instead of scattering, alight in a body upon some devoted locality, which they attack and destroy with the systematic movement of an army. They will thus eat up a crop of corn or cotton in a very short time. In Utah this plague visited the growing cereals with utter destruction as often as three times in one season, so that the afflicted Mormons were reduced to extremities for food. They seem now to have attacked our frontier States, and to be moving gradually into the body of the republic. The horrors of famine have never been felt in our country, and accustomed to the most profuse abundance, it is a calamity to which no one has ever looked, yet these grasshoppers are a terrible visitation to a region.

LOVE THY NEIGHBOR AS THYSELF.—One of the tax collectors of California says that he found a Norwegian in El Dorado County, who made oath that his sole earthly taxable effects were a church and a school house. This singular individual is a poor miser, and has built the above mentioned establishments with his own hands, without aid from any one. His church is free for the use of any sect of religionists, except Mormons and Universalists. He has a mining claim which he has worked for five years; and whenever his diggings will average more than two dollars a day, he will go out into the highway, and coax some poor fellow to share the profit of his labors.

As a sign of popular opinion, we may notice the recent passage of a bill in the Kentucky Legislature, expressly prohibiting marriages between first cousins.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 150—Adults 89, and children 91.

"I hope so, in a measure at least; but Vesta is so susceptible. If I ever get her well established in life, I shall be content."
Philip smiled, and the dowager continued:—
"You have heard something, perhaps, of our little family arrangement with regard to Vesta."

"I am not much in the family confidence—I cannot say that I am aware of any arrangement especially concerning her."
"No! Then perhaps I may as well inform you, as you will naturally feel some little interest in the matter; but remember, it is a family secret. Years ago a plan was formed between my son, Lord Edward Lancaster, and Sir Ralph Coniston, to unite our houses yet again, in the persons of Vesta and her Cousin Harold. You know that such arrangements are common in old aristocratic families. It saves a world of trouble. Cradle-betrothals are among the good old customs which should be preserved."

"And if I may be allowed the question, does Miss Lancaster consent to this 'little family arrangement'?" said Philip, with a bitter smile but with a tremble in his voice which all the fierce struggles of his pride could not control.

"Why, yes—we may say she does, for she does not object, and silence, especially with a young lady, is often consent of the most unequivocal kind. I apprehend no serious difficulty with her, for after all her whims and oddities, she is a girl of sense is Vesta, and under all her poetry and art, reforms and such stuff, has her share of worldly wisdom. I do not think that she will refuse to marry her cousin, when the proper time shall arrive—unless, indeed, she can do better for herself—and she might look higher in point of rank, I confess—but in these days of mushroom nobility, a solid old Baronet is not to be despised."

"Oh, Vesta! Vesta!" exclaimed Philip to himself—"you are then like all the rest! Well, I wish you joy of your lord! My God! to what depths of duplicity and abjectness the noblest women will sink themselves for gold and a title!"

And so the absurd boy went on, feeding his jealous greed with the dainty "white-bait" of the Dowager's fibs and his own injurious doubts and accusations.

After a few moments of forced and exceedingly disjunct conversation, Philip rose and took a formal leave of Lady Egerton. The Dowager extended her hand to him—a white, cold, skinny hand, apparently only kept alive by the warm glow of the jewels with which it was loaded—and her small, gray eyes glittered upon his troubled face with a keen, searching, merciless look. He felt it cut down into his heart, like a surgeon's knife, and lay bare its selfish, selfish secret. Even in that instant's time, the searching look gave place to a gleam of exultation, and with it in a flash of reason came to Philip the thought that Vesta may not have objected to a certain "family arrangement," simply because she had not yet been informed of it. But this was too comfortable a hope for him to entertain in the savage mood he was then in—he hurried it out of his mind as soon as possible, and with his "face set as a flint," walked across the drawing-room to where his cousin sat. She was at the piano—not playing, but merrily talking to her fond old uncle, and every now and then, lightly running her hand over the keys, the brilliant notes of the *Erard* sometimes leaping fountain-like in the echoes of thought—sometimes coming in as the pulse of a musical laugh, a responsive gush and gurgle of melody, rippling off into silence.

She turned her head toward Philip as he approached, slowly and half unconsciously, and though she said nothing, there was a lambent light of welcome in her eyes, which ought to have cheered his heart and brightened his face—but it did not.

"I have come to say good-night, Miss Lancaster," he said, abruptly, but in a formal, strange voice—"Good-night, and good-bye, for I leave for Oxford in the morning early, and shall not have the pleasure of seeing you again."

Vesta was astonished, vexed and wounded by the cold, proud tone of her cousin—she was about to remonstrate with him, but her own pride restrained her, and she merely extended her hand, with a quiet "Good-bye!"

Philip held the hand for a moment, longing to raise it to his lips, for a pledge of allegiance, or a seal of reconciliation, he scarcely knew which—but dropped it without any such impudent demonstration, and seizing the hand of his uncle, pressed it warmly.

"Good-night, my dear boy, but not good-bye—for I shall see you in the morning. I am an early bird, you know."

The kind old man was true to his word. He took an early breakfast with Philip, and accompanied him to his carriage, warmly shaking him by the hand all the way.

"I am glad that this is your last term," he said—"you can directly here from Oxford, when all is over. I'll have your mother here to meet you—to congratulate, or console, as the case may be. God bless you!"

As the carriage rolled away from the door, Philip involuntarily looked back, and up to a certain window—and caught a glimpse of a parted curtain, and of a pale, and face, which was instantly withdrawn. It was a vision which alternately tortured and comforted him throughout his journey, and for many an hour after.

There is May in books forever,
May will part from Spencer never;
May's in Milton—May's in Prior—
May's in Chaucer, Thompson, Dyer;
May's in all the Italian bards,
Where she sings and modern nooks,
Where she sleeps with nymphs and elves
In happy places they call shrines,
And will rise and dress your rooms
With a drowsy thicket with blooms.
Come, ye rains, then, if you will,
May's at home, and with me still;
But come, rather than, good weather!
And find us in the fields together.
—Leigh Hunt.

Some people were talking with Jerrild about a gentleman as celebrated for the intensity as for the shortness of his friendships. "Yes," said Jerrild, "his friendships are so warm that he no sooner takes them up than he puts them down again."

A pop is like a cinnamon tree—the bark is worth more than the body.

LETTER FROM LONDON.

NOTABLE TRIAL—A SUNNY WEEK—A GENERAL SCURRY—A NEW SOCIETY—A QUEER SUBJECT.

London, April 23, 1888.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The main topic of interest here through the past week has been, as you will readily believe, the trial and acquittal of Dr. Bernard, accused by the Crown of England as an accessory to the political assassination of January last. The British vaporing of the French Colonels, and the blunders of Count Walewski, together with the intolerable pressure of the passport-nuisance, have put John Bull on his mettle; and so unswerving have been a verdict that should have rendered Bernard amenable to capital punishment, that it is tolerably certain it could not safely have been executed. Happily, the incompleteness and defects of the evidence produced, left to the jury no other course than an acquittal; and the general feeling appears to be that the jury have returned a verdict which, however unsatisfactory to France, was strictly in harmony with the principles and requisitions of British law. That Bernard was a conspirator against the present detestable continental regime is clear; but the evidence adduced utterly fails to prove that he was an abettor of, or even privy to, the particular crime attributed to him. We have not only the dying testimony of Orsini, backed by his own emphatic assertion, to the fact of his ignorance of the plot in question, but many points brought forward in the course of the evidence—as, for instance, when asked "if he was going to Paris?" his replying, "No, not until the other comes over here"—are regarded as affording strong proof that while busy in conspiring to effect a continental upheaving, he was yet innocent of any participation in this particular attempt to assassinate "the other one." As British law has no cognizance of general convictions, opinions, or tendencies, and British juries never decide upon constructions, implications, "public notoriety," and the other species of induction which enter so largely into the decisions of French jurisprudence, it is clear that no legal proof of guilt being brought forward against Bernard, the jury had nothing to do but to acquit him.

But though Bernard has really been let off from his dangerous position on a point of law, the very general interest created by this trial, arose, I need hardly say, from a deeply-rooted feeling in the public mind, that this attempt of the Government was dictated by a spirit of undue concession to the pressure of the French Cabinet, and a belief that if it succeeded, various other unwelcome demands would be made. It can hardly be denied, that the immense majority of the nation would have regarded Bernard's conviction as a danger and a disgrace to the country, even had his guilt been clearly proven in accordance with the law of the land; and many of those who are most intimately versed in the art of feeling the public pulse, are of opinion that had the jury found him guilty, and the sentence of death been pronounced in accordance with that finding, it would have been impossible to carry out the sentence. "There would have been a popular tumult, the like of which has not been seen in England for centuries," remarked to me one of the highest officers of the police, who had been present at the entire trial, from its commencement to its close, and was describing the excitement that had marked the closing scene. "I will not assert that we should have had a revolution, as so many have declared, but I have no hesitation in saying that there would have been an armed rescue, and that had the Government been compelled, by a verdict of an opposite character, to attempt the carrying-out of a sentence of death on Bernard, we should have had scenes of frightful violence, and probably a general rising throughout the country that would have compelled them to relinquish the attempt. Happily for us all, the verdict of the jury has relieved us of that danger; and such a shout as arose in the court when it was spoken, I never heard in the whole course of my forty-five years of public life! And not one shout only; but round after round of such hearty, vociferous 'hurrahs' as did one's heart good! Ladies as well as men, were waving their handkerchiefs, while the men waved their hats, and shouted with the best of them. It was a perfectly unanimous outburst; every soul in the court, and the crowds outside gave it, with might and main! The judges were so taken aback by such an astounding manifestation, that they seemed dumb-founded. We don't like assassination; and we believe that political assassination, especially, does more harm to the cause it is intended to support than to the party against whom it is exercised; but we don't like tyranny, and if foreign Governments drive people to desperation, we don't like to call upon us to turn hangers-on to their behalf. And we hope this acquittal will be a lesson to the Continent, and show that we are determined not to be made in any way subservient to such demands."

The same high authority informs me that so great was the anxiety at the Tuileries during the trial, that telegraphic messages were despatched by its agents every two hours while it lasted.

So intimately as Louis Napoleon knows England, he can hardly have looked for any other result. He ought to have known better than to have allowed the appearance of the absurd hectoring which has so deeply offended the English people, and which, by an inevitable reaction, has made them determined to refuse whatever concessions they might possibly have been willing to make, had this blunder not been committed. Just now, so indignant is public sentiment, that the Emperor and his position and policy (the two latter being necessarily connected to a degree which is perhaps scarcely understood and appreciated here) are judged with a severity which is, in the opinion of many who have had good opportunities of forming an unbiased opinion, far from just. But the Emperor, keen as he usually is, has made a blunder, and is reaping its consequences, in a self-inflicted addition to the many difficulties of a position so utterly anomalous as that of being an intimate ally of Great Britain, while holding his own land in a state of iron subjection and repression, which, however impossible

French restlessness may render a different line of home-policy, is still the highest degree odious and abominable in the eyes of that ally.

"What is to come of it all?" is the question asked by every one on this side of the Channel. A question which is unfortunately, much more easily asked than answered. Meantime, though exaggeration of feeling and statements is to be deprecated even when employed in the best cause, and though all reasonable people, on both sides of the Channel will regret that the current of circumstances should have called forth such a manifestation of opposing feeling between two nations, whose good understanding is so necessary to the peace and progress of the world, it is still refreshing to witness the sturdy decision with which the British people gather itself up in uncompromising determination to keep sacred the old right of hospitality, and to show the world how truly, under the overlying diplomatic relations which are indispensable to social and national existence, the British heart preserves its detestation of the system of tyranny still rampant through the greater part of Europe, and of which Louis Napoleon, however much he may disapprove it theoretically, is still compelled, by the necessities of his position, to appear in the eyes of Europe as the corner-stone.

So lovely has the weather been for a week past, that "foggy Albion" looks as gay and as smiling as her more sunny neighbors of the South. Fires are dispensed with by common consent, (though frequently, nay generally, felt to be agreeable through the so-called summer months,) flowers are coming out rapidly, and ladies are sporting thin gowns and transparent bosoms with summer-like impunity. The greater portion of the aristocratic world being still absent at country-seats on the plea of "Easter holidays," the "cleaning" of their town dwellings is going on as usual at this season, with a vigor that gives a peculiar character to the aspect of the Belgravian, Tyburnian, and other "grandez" quarters of the town. Through all the windows you catch sight of servants of both sexes, armed with pails, mops, brushes and dusters; painters and window-cleaners are busy on the outside, ladders stick out through the doors, and brasses, door-steps, and lamp-glasses are undergoing the process of beautification at every turn. In another fortnight, the country, with its blossoming loveliness, will be abandoned, and the tyrannous splendors of the "London Season" will have inaugurated their six months' sway. Just now the only bit of fashionable gossip afloat is the report that Her Majesty and her newly-married daughter are alike engaged in an interesting race whose happy conclusion will be hailed with the roaring of cannon and other loyal demonstrations incident to these solemn occasions.

The usual Spring Exhibitions have just opened; one of these, under the patronage of Lady Eastlake and other lady artists, is intended to afford to artists of the less-favored sex the opportunity of showing and disposing of their works. The existing art-societies, though they do not formally exclude the works of ladies, yet do virtually exclude them both from their annual exhibitions and from the consequent honors and emoluments which these exhibitions afford to men. Thus, the Royal Academy refuses by far the greater part of the productions of Female Artists sent in for exhibition, so that, to all practical purposes, the latter may be said to be excluded; the same remark is true of the Society of British Artists; while of the two great Water Color Societies, the Old Society has admitted the works of four ladies, and the New Society those of ten only. In none of these are female artists allowed any share in the facilities for selling their works, gratuitous study of the living model, pecuniary aid to travel with a view to the study of foreign galleries, atmospheric effects, life, and scenery, so freely afforded to the male members; they are not even invited to the annual banquet got up by their brethren in their own honor, and have no share either in the councils of the body, or in the "shillings" paid by an appreciating public for a sight of their works. Wherever women can freely share the advantages which men are too generally apt to reserve for themselves, it would evidently be unwise to sever the two sexes, so clearly designed by Heaven to work harmoniously together, each performing the share of every duty and pursuit to which its natural aptitudes call it; but where women are sedulously shut out from such co-operation, it may be fairly admitted that both right and duty justify them in setting up a centre for themselves. Such is the ground on which the new "Society of Female Artists" has been organized; and such the lack which it is intended to supply. Above five hundred works, in oils, water-colors, crayon, pen-drawing, wax, plaster, bronze and marble, are exhibited; and a much larger number would have appeared, had the room engaged been larger. The greater part of these, it must be confessed, are interesting rather as promises of future effort than as finished results; for the average attainments of lady-artists in England is still far below that of their sisters in Paris. Yet among them are many works of very respectable quality, and perhaps a couple of scores that would be entitled to a place in the most exclusive gallery of the other sex. Many of the pictures are already sold, and many more will no doubt be disposed of before the close of the Exhibition.

While on the subject of Art I may just mention, as among "the signs of the times," (signs, however, which it is somewhat difficult to decipher,) the extent to which what is called "spirit-drawing" is going on here. The "table-turning" and "rappings," so much in vogue a few years ago, are now voted to be "low manifestations" in the "circles" which formerly patronized them, and "spirit-drawing" and "spirit-writing" are all "the go." Among a vast number of people of a high standing in the social and literary world, who are up to their eyes in this sort of work, but who prefer not to make too public a declaration of their "faith," are others, such as the entire Howitt family, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, Mr. Colen, &c., who make no secret of their belief, and are busy every day in writing "spirit-messages," and executing "spirit-drawings." Of the latter I have seen several that are really remarkable; a few of them being extremely beautiful, while others are most weird and effective, full of a wild, imaginative poetry, extremely strange and ori-

ginal, and susceptible of striking allegorical explanation. Some of the more striking of these are done by persons who have never before attempted to draw, and who go through with the most difficult curves and involutions with astonishing rapidity and precision. In noting the existence of these curious things among people whom I have known intimately for many years, and believe to be utterly incapable of deceit, I beg to be understood as merely performing the office of a chronicler, and by no means as expressing any definite opinion as to the "origin" of the "manifestations" in question, a point which, considering the talent, position, and antecedents of so many among their supporters on the one hand, and the discrepancies, improbabilities, and many monstrosities of these quasi-revelations on the other, may be fairly set down as among the most puzzling features of society at the present day.

QUANTUM.

TALK OF LOVE.—AN OLD WIFE IN SEARCH OF HER YOUNG HUSBAND.—About six months since an old lady, and her daughter, living in Brooklyn, N. Y., who bought her fashionable wares at a celebrated dry goods house in Broadway, New York, became enamored of a handsome young man who attends there. After many visits she decided to invite the young man to her magnificent house in the city of churches. She told him she wanted to see him on matters of great importance. He blushed, and more out of curiosity than admiration he consented to visit her. The young man was dazzled at the magnificence of the house to which he had been invited, and was entirely lost in conjecturing for what purpose he had been brought thither. The lady, after giving her guest some vinous refreshments, proceeded to narrate the fact of her long observation of his respectable conduct, adding that she had inquired of his employers and found him to be a highly moral and worthy young man—worthy of a better situation in society. She confessed that she had become enamored of him, not of course for his physical beauty, but for his moral worth, and finally wound up by offering him her hand in marriage. The lady was on the shady side of five and forty, while the lover was not twenty-two summers old. The latter was in love, too, with a handsome young lady in the milliner's department of the same establishment where he was employed. He finally refused, notwithstanding that she had some \$30,000 which she could place in his hands. After several interviews, the widow gradually won the young man to her views, and finally he consented to and did marry her. After the marriage she refused to make over her real estate, but put her, as she thought, in the track of the guilty pair, who had gone further west. The wife says she is now prepared to give him full control of all her property, if he will but return alone to his home.—Chicago Daily Union.

A RARE PIECE OF GOSSIP.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Express relates the particulars of a love affair, which has created no little excitement in the diplomatic and fashionable circles of the national capital. It appears that an attaché of the Spanish Embassy has long been an ardent admirer of the only daughter of a retired banker of Washington, but the prudent father, not relishing the idea of such an alliance for his daughter, forbade the Spanish cavalier his house. The cavalier wrote the banker a challenge, but could find no one to deliver it. "On Tuesday night last the banker was dining with Mr. Sidel, who occupies the next house to his own on Lafayette Square. While partaking of Mr. Sidel's hospitality, his servant came in and informed him that two persons were hanging about his house in a suspicious manner. The banker, whom we will call Mr. C., requested his friend, Senator Bright, who was of the party, to accompany him, and proceeded to the house of the Spanish attaché. As he entered the hall, he met his daughter in the hall, and proceeding to the picture gallery, which was lighted only by the hall lamp which shone through the doorway, he found a man snugly ensconced under the piano. Seizing him by the collar, he dragged him from his hiding-place, and discovered him to be no less a personage than the Spanish attaché. He discovered that the attaché was armed with a six-barrelled revolver, which he took from him, and then kicked him ineffectively into the street. As he opened the door for this purpose, he discovered another person of the same 'tribe' lurking about the entrance."

Another letter in the same paper says that the young lady, afraid that her lover would shoot her father, took advantage of her father's absence at the dinner at Mr. Sidel's, and requested him by note to come and see her, for the purpose of explanation. A challenge has since been sent, and refused by the father. The Secretary now ascertains, it is said, what to do—whether to shoot or what. The diplomatic corps are said to sympathize with the Spaniard almost unanimously.

TERrible RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—A frightful accident occurred on the morning of the 11th at 6 o'clock, on the New-York Central Railroad, by the crushing of a freight train at Sacket Creek, some three and a-half miles west of Utica, near Whiteboro'. Seven or eight persons are already dead, and five or six others are barely alive. The injured number forty or more.

The bridge was entirely rotten, several of the main beams on which the track was laid being decayed and the track through. The accident occurred through the breaking of the iron timbers, by the weight of the two locomotives passing over the bridge at the same time. The greater portion of the heart of the wood is like so much punk, and the wonder is that the bridge had stood so long.

The smash was a most terrible one, and the ruins conveyed a vivid impression of the horrors of the disaster. Between the steel abutments of the bridge is a space of thirty-two feet; the ordinary length of a car is thirty-five feet, and the depth to the bottom of the creek nine feet. Three entire cars lay lengthwise, crushed up like a telescope, between the abutments of the bridge—thus occupying a space of but little more than the length of one car. The first and second cars could not be distinguished one from the other. The third car was entirely demolished, excepting about one-third of the rear.

Several persons deposed to their knowledge of the rottenness of the bridge, and that an accident had been predicted. The railroad agents seem much to blame for not repairing the bridge in time.

REVIVAL CRAZY.—Daniel P. Coley was found in Rodin Nutt's barn at Saratoga last night crazy. He belongs in Lowell, where he has worked steadily at the Appleton mills for twelve years, and accumulated a fair property. He left home last Wednesday, and by what means he came here his friends do not know. Lately he has been carried away with the revival. While here he was much impressed with the General guilty of insubordination, and recommended that he be reprimanded by the President. But in consideration of his distinguished service, and of the unanimous recommendation of the court, the sentence is remitted.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

The Peruvian rebels are to May 1st—The news from India is interesting. Sir Hugh Rose invested Jhansi with three brigades on the 27th of March. The rebels, 12,000 strong, retired to the fort. On the next day the bombardment commenced. An attempt was made on the 1st of April, by 20,000 rebels to raise the siege, but they were defeated with the slaughter of 1,500, and the loss of all their guns and camp equipment. The town was stormed and taken on the 4th, and the fort occupied on the 6th, the rebels having 3,000 killed. Six British officers were killed. The Rajah escaped with a few attendants, and was hotly pursued.

General Roberts carried Kotah on the 20th, with a great slaughter of the rebels, the English losses being trifling.

The 37th regiment, under Col. Milman, had been compelled to retire from near Assingpore, and at last accounts was shut up at Aimgahs. Strong detachments had gone to its relief.

The country opposite Benares was much disturbed. The northern provinces were quietly disarmed.

Calcutta was filled with rebels, and a great panic was prevailing there. A strong column of troops had gone from Cawnpore into Oude, to attack Kowah.

The marriage of the King of Portugal to the Princess Stephanie, of Hohenzollern was celebrated by proxy at Berlin, on the 29th.

The Paris Moniteur publishes a decree ordering forty-two thousand additional soldiers into active service. The Bourne became heavy in consequence.

It appears from an advertisement for the sale of the late Madame Rachel's mansion, in the Rue Trudon, posted on all the walls of Paris, on the 24th, that Count Walewski, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, has, in the forms admitted by French law, acknowledged himself to be the father of one of her children, who, with his Excellency's sanction, bears the name of Alexander Antoine Walewski.

The Egyptian steamer Suez, from Alexandria for Smyrna, has been totally lost near Jaffa. The master and several other persons perished.

It is said that great numbers of the Polish exiles are availing themselves of the Czar's amnesty and returning to their unfortunate country.

Another misfortune has befallen the French navy. The steamer Aigle has been wrecked on the Gabon. The officers are acquitted of all blame.

The *Kreuz Zeitung*, the organ of Prussian nobility and Toryism, has a curious article on the Bernard trial, in which it takes for granted that France will shortly rush into war for the purpose of propagating Imperialism, and, in allusion to the French resistance to French demands, and declares that it will be better for Europe if the Franco-English alliance becomes less cordial.

The Moniteur (official) contains an article urging the giving of an indemnity to Prof. Morse. It says:—"No doubt the discovery of the principles upon which this system is founded does not belong to Mr. Morse, but he was the first to transfer that discovery from the region of speculative science into that of practical application. It is owing to his labors and to investigations, the honor of which is incontestably due to him, that electrical communication, which before his time was but a mere fact asserted by science, has become a reality, and one of the most useful acquisitions which our age has made, and has to bequeathed to posterity. In almost all the countries where the electric telegraph is used, it is his apparatus which we find at work. Mr. Morse being unable, meanwhile, to obtain a patent for his invention in Europe, as in the United States, has thereby found himself deprived of the profits which he ought to have derived from the working of it, and which would have afforded him a legitimate recompense for his labors and his pecuniary sacrifices. It seems apparent that it would be an injustice if all the countries which now profit by the application of his system should not now take this state of the case into their consideration, and directly grant to Mr. Morse a collective remuneration."

"The Emperor's government, thinking that such a request had a right to a sympathetic reception, has not hesitated to support it with the other governments which make use, as it does itself, of the Morse system. This measure has been received with the same feeling as that with which it was made. In Austria, in Belgium, in the Netherlands, in Piedmont, in Russia, in the States of the Holy See, in Sweden, in Tuscany, and in Turkey, this apparatus is employed as it is in France; the governments of these different countries have adhered, then, to the proposal of the Emperor's government, to examine in what manner they could evince their gratitude to Mr. Morse; and it was in consequence of this generous determination that their representatives met together at the Foreign Office yesterday. Their first sitting gives us reason to believe that they will easily be enabled to agree upon a measure of remuneration, the honor of bestowing which will be shared by all the governments in whose generosity Mr. Morse has placed his confidence."

The London Times gives the statement of a careful correspondent, showing the results of 151 of the suspensions (including five large banks) which occurred during the commercial crisis, with a total of liabilities to be met of £41,227,509, and on which the deficiency now appears to be about 19 per cent. Out of 52 London firms 16 appear to have paid, or to be about to pay, in full, while of the provincial houses the number that have attained this conclusion is only 9 out of 60. On an average it seems that the failures were for about £275,000 each; and supposing the creditors to each firm, apart from those which paid in full, to be 30, the number of houses inconvenienced would be 3,780, and the average ultimate loss of each would be about £2,000. Nearly one-third of the suspensions in London have paid in full, and about one seventh in the provinces.

The Paris elections for the three vacant seats for Paris in the Corps Legislatif, resulted as follows:—In the 6th arrondissement, M. Jules Favre, the Opposition candidate, 11,316 votes; M. Perret, the Government candidate, 10,166. In the 5th arrondissement, M. Picard, (Opposition) 8,590; M. Eka, (Government) 8,975. In the 3rd arrondissement, M. Lionville, (Opposition) 7,329; General Perrot (Government) 10,765.

The Daily News says there is not the slightest doubt that if Lord Derby is defeated on any question of importance, he will dissolve Parliament.

SEARCH OF AMERICAN VESSELS.—GREAT EXCITEMENT.—New Orleans, May 13.—The U. S. steamer Empire City arrived at this port to-day from New York via Havana, and reports that the search of American vessels in the Gulf of Mexico, by British cruisers, still continued, added to which, the most downright insults were perpetrated. At Sagua Grande the search of all vessels in port was also being prosecuted vigorously.

The apparently high-handed and unwarrantable proceedings have created a widespread excitement and indignation in this city, and it is urged that the Federal authorities should take the matter in hand at once. As it is, vessels leaving this port for the Gulf, for some time to come, will feel under the necessity of going fully armed.

The excitement at New York among the shipping merchants is also considerable.

The Twigg court martial has found the General guilty of insubordination, and recommended that he be reprimanded by the President. But in consideration of his distinguished service, and of the unanimous recommendation of the court, the sentence is remitted.

LARGELY THEN COME.

Rory June—
With thy light and tripping feet,
And thy garlands fresh and sweet,
And thy waters all in tune—
With thy gift of buds and bells,
For the uplands and the dells,
With the wild bird and the bee
On the blossom and the tree,
And my heart leaps forth to meet thee,
With a joyous thrill to greet thee—
Rory June.

Rest satisfied with doing well, and leave others to talk of you what they please.

Lord Byron sensibly said—"Cleverness and cunning are incompatible. I never saw them united; the latter is the resource of the weak, and is only natural to them; children and fools are always cunning, but clever people never."

It is the saying of a great man, that if we could trace our descents, we should find all slaves to come from princes, and all princes from slaves.

A WOMAN'S ANSWER.—A gentleman, after great misfortunes, came to a lady he had long courted, and told her his circumstances were so reduced that he was actually in want of five guineas. "I am glad to hear it," said she. "Is that your love for me?" he replied in a tone of despondency; "why are you glad?" "Because," answered she, "if you want five guineas, I can put you in possession of five thousand."

It is with the singing of a congregation as with the sighing of the wind in the forest, where the notes of the million rustling leaves, and the sighs striking upon each other, altogether make a harmony, no matter what be the individual dissonances.—Becker.

There never was a right endeavor but it succeeded. Patience and patience, we shall win at last. We must be very suspicious of the deceptions and elements of time. It takes a good deal of time to eat or sleep, or to earn a hundred dollars, and a very little time to entertain a hope and an insight which becomes the light of our life.—Emerson.

An unimaginative individual, on visiting the Falls of Niagara, was greatly perplexed at the astonishment expressed by his companions; and on one of them exclaiming to him—"Is it not a most wonderful fall?" replied, "Wonderful! no; I see nothing wonderful in it. Why, what's to hinder the water from falling?"

A conscientious person affirms that he once in his life beheld people "minding their own business." This remarkable occurrence happened at sea, the passengers being "too sick" to attend to each others' concerns.

A SPLENDID HORSE.

Full of fire, and full of bone,
With all his line of fathers known;
Fine his nose, his nostrils thin,
But blown abroad by the pride within!
His mane is like a river flowing,
And his eyes like embers glowing
In the darkness of the night,
And his pace as swift as light.

—Barry Cornwall.

A crowd in fine clothes is, of all mobs, the dullest. I can look undismayed on the many-headed monster, wild and rampant; but when the many-headed monster buys its hide in Bond Street, and has an eye-glass at each of its inquisitive eyes, I confess I take fright.—Bulwer Lytton.

Music is the Art of Prophecy: it is the only Art which can calm the agitation of the Soul, and put the Devil to Flight.—Martin Luther.

It is very certain that no man is fit for everything; but it is almost as certain, too, that there is scarcely any one man who is not fit for something, which something nature points out to him by giving him a tendency and propensity to it. Every man finds in himself, either from nature or education (for they are hard to distinguish), a peculiar bent and disposition to some peculiar character; and his struggle against it is the fruitless and endless labor of Sisypheus. Let him follow and cultivate that vocation, he will succeed in it, and be considerable in one way, at least; whereas, if he departs from it, he will, at least, be inconspicuous, probably ludicrous.—Lord Chesterfield.

A Scotch Duchess was examining the children of one of her charity schools, when the teacher put the question—"What is the wife of a King called?" "A Queen," bawled out one of the scholars. "The wife of an Emperor?" "An Empress," was replied, with equal readiness. "Then what is the wife of a Duke called?" "A Drake!" exclaimed several voices, mistaking the title Duke for the biped duck, which they pronounced the same.

ACCIDENT ON THE LAFAYETTE AND INDIANAPOLIS RAILROAD.—CLEVELAND, May 15.—Last night, as the Cincinnati night express train, bound north, was crossing a bridge on the Lafayette and Indianapolis Railroad, and twenty-two miles east of Lafayette, the structure gave way, and the whole train was precipitated into the water.

The disaster happened at 1 o'clock, the night being very dark. The high water had undermined the abutments of the bridge, and the train running at the rate of 25 miles per hour, had reached the end of the bridge, which was 100 feet long, when the structure gave way. The passengers fortunately escaped without serious injuries. The only persons killed were as follows:

—Jacob Baustinger, engineer.
—Maloney, fireman.
—James Irvin, conductor.

A CONVERTED JEWISH RABBI IN BOSTON TO LABOR AMONG THE JEWS.—Mr. Bus, assistant secretary of the Society for Ameliorating the Condition of the Jews, was present at the business men's prayer meeting at the Old South Chapel to-day, and gave an account of his conversion to Christianity. He had come to Boston to labor for a few years among the Jews of this city. In speaking the second time, he said that he had great hopes that Israel would soon be restored.

In his official capacity he had recently received a letter from England, giving an account of a meeting of Rabbis in that country to discuss the question whether Christ was the true Messiah. They had agreed if the Messiah did not come in fifteen years to accept Christ as the true Messiah.—Boston Traveller.

A QUIET PLACE.—A few days ago a gentleman in conversation with some friends was praising Woodville, Mass., to the skies, and remarked, among other things, that it was the most quiet and peaceful place he ever saw; there was no quarreling nor rowdiness, nor fighting about the streets; if a gentleman insulted another, he was quietly shot down, and that was the last of it.

THE UTAH EXPEDITION.—Intelligence has been received from Col. Johnson, to the 10th of March, at which date the members of the expedition were all well. They were expecting, however, that the supply train would shortly be attacked. The army, it was stated, would not move forward until the arrival of the Peace Commissioners.

MAINE is the State in which to get a divorce. The following law passed the last Legislature, and was signed by the Governor on the 27th of March. It is concise; it is now in full force:—"When a divorce from the bonds of matrimony has been decreed, either party may lawfully marry again."

NEWS FROM ABROAD.—Mr. Henry Drummond, a member of the British Parliament, recently stated in a speech that "the Americans were now building ships as large as the Leviathan, not for their own use, but to sell, and not to the English." Looking at this fearful portents, Mr. Drummond asked, with alarm, what was to be done with the coast defenses of England?

A CHURCH BURNER.—A man in Holmes county, Ohio, named Wallace, who for some years has been insane on religious subjects, took it into his head a few weeks ago that he was commissioned to burn down all the churches. Accordingly, on Thursday week he proceeded to set fire to the Lutheran and Methodist churches, but before much damage was done he found himself in jail. He is said to be at it of the belief that the only salvation for the people is in setting out and burning the churches.

THE MARRIAGE OF YOUNG HATCHMAN.—The American India Rubber Shoe Manufacturing Company, to the daughter of the Duchess of Montmorency and Luxemburg, has made a good deal of talk in the aristocratic circles of France. They do not deny that Mr. Hatchman is an elegant and accomplished young man, or that he has not an immense fortune in hand and in prospect; they deem it a misfortune which throws a stain upon one of the eldest and most honored names of France.

A SHORT TIME since a barrel, containing the remains of a woman, was discovered at the Hudson River Depot, New York. It was traced by freight bills and books to Detroit, where it had been received over the railroad from Chicago, but there traces ceased. A man named Henry Imperio, a Russian, who had been arrested at Chicago for the murder of the woman, and he has confessed that the woman, having hung herself in his room, he cut up her body and shipped it east, not knowing how else to dispose of it.

WEALTH OF THE UNITED STATES.—The aggregate worth of the United States amounts to \$19,000,000,000, and the population is 24,000,000 souls. The wealth distributed among the labor gives \$500 to each person, young and old; and counting five persons to each family, it would give the handsome little fortune of \$25,000 to every family of the republic.

The great Pennsylvania dog, Prince, has been presented to Queen Victoria. His money value is estimated at 250 guineas. Such is his strength, that a man weighing 200 lbs. can be thrown on his back without causing him to flinch. He has been accustomed to carry a boy on his back; consequently he requires but little practice to make him a first-rate saddle-dog.

INTERESTING TO LADIES.—The fashion runs now on straw bonnets and hats for ladies and children. English Danterbells, as well as Leghorns and Italian straws, have all advanced some 25 per cent. at New York in the wholesale price.

ANOTHER ESCAPE FOR MAZZINI.—"We are informed on good authority," says the "Northern Daily Press" "that had the Government succeeded in obtaining a conviction against Bernard, they intended to arrest and put Mazzini to trial on a similar charge. So certain did the Government feel of getting a verdict in Bernard's case, that preparatory steps were taken before the trial was over to arrest Mazzini immediately the jury were discharged. The jury's verdict of 'Not Guilty' destroyed this scheme."

THE "Yearly Meeting of Friends," which has been held all the week, ended its sessions on the 14th. The attendance of members has been very large, and unusual interest has marked their proceedings.

NORTH CAROLINA has now some 1,600 miles of railroad, and these works were begun when the State had not even an income of over \$100,000.

HENRY WARD BEECHER intends spending a few weeks in Kansas during the coming summer.

A CITY CONQUERED BY GRASSHOPPERS.—"Everybody turned outmen, women and children, white and black—everybody, with 'fire and sword,' brushes and brooms, blankets and buckets, carried on the deadly conflict, but to no avail; the hoppers hopped on, and the defending forces were obliged to beat an ignominious retreat, leaving the barbarians in possession of the conquered city."—Gonzales (Texas) Inquirer.

The Secretary of the Treasury has decided that flour manufactured in the British North American Provinces, out of wheat the product of the United States, cannot be imported into the United States free of duty, not being imported in the same condition as when exported. Neither can such flour be imported into the United States free of duty, under the Reciprocity Treaty, as it is not an article of growth or produce in the same province, being manufactured of wheat produced in the United States.

As two of the three volunteer regiments are, according to the programme of Gen. Scott, at once needed to keep an open communication between Fort Leavenworth and St. Louis City, an effort will be made next week in Congress to pass a bill for their support.

ELECTION AT ST. PAUL.—At the municipal election at St. Paul, Minnesota, on the 4th, Norman W. Kittan, the Democratic candidate for Mayor, was elected by 243 majority over his opponent, Judge Sterburne. The people's candidates for Comptroller and Treasurer were elected, the latter by 608 the former by 90 majority. Of the five Aldermen, three are Republicans. Whole number of votes cast, 3,351.

SYSTEMATIC GIVING.—In Brook's funeral sermon of Sir Henry Havelock, it is stated that "during twenty-three years, in which he acted as a subaltern officer, he devoted one-tenth of his slender income to purposes of religious benevolence."

LOUIS NAPOLEON has completed his 50th year, having been born at the Tuileries, on the 20th of April, 1808.

INQUEST ON THE BODY OF THE FEMALE POISONER.—CHESTER, Orange county, N. Y., May 8.—An inquest was held yesterday by Coroner Fenton upon the body of Mrs. Phoebe Westlake; verdict: "Death by taking arsenic." On Sunday morning last, the day previous to her death, she made a confession of administering poison to several others, and causing the death of two ladies, and the dangerous illness of several other persons. The persons dying were Mr. J. B. Tullitt in September last, and Mrs. W. R. Fuller in April of this year. A few days previous to taking poison herself, she presented a jar of preserves to Mrs. Chas. S. Tullitt, and some sugar to Mrs. Derrick, upon which they were taken sick with symptoms of poisoning, which proved fatal, and the arsenic was immediately analyzed by Dr. Smith, and found to contain arsenic. The cause assigned for taking poison was not to kill herself, but to make herself sick, in order to divert suspicion from her.

A WESTERN WARRIOR'S DREAM.

BY H. M. S. D. S.

"Overriding the air with solemn mists" is an admissible simile—See *B. Scholastic*, page 217, vol. 2, chap. 13—"Trembling" or "Private Wrongs."

Hitting in a roll, lying on by steam.
Head against the cushion, dreamed a curious dream:
Yet I could not think it all a thing ideal,
For though very monstrous, it was very real.

First there came a gentleman in his patent leather,
Cotton, blouse, wristbands, baggie for the weather;
In the height of fashion, watch-key, hat and glove,
And with air professions, spit upon the stove.

Near him sat a parson, telling how the Lord
Sent the great revivals, blessed the preached word;
But my dream discovered he was not above
Heavy-dew or fine-cut, spitting on the stove.

Next came in a trader, pockets full of cash,
Talked about the country going all to smash;
"Twas the woman's dressing, did the thing, by
Jove,"

Stipped a little brandy, spit upon the stove.
Then a jolly farmer, bragging of his wheat,
Thought his hops and horse nowhere could be
beat;

"Like to sell his Durham by the head or drove,"
Kept his jaws a wagging, spit upon the stove.
Paddy thought 'twas "quare like, to be sitting
still,"

All the whilst a goliath over bog and hill;
"Twas a wallooing countryman," as he could
prove,
Equal to his betters, spitting on the stove.

Witness, perfumed dandy, putting on his air,
Flourished diamond breastpin, smoked in forward
car;
Talked about Lamoreaux, "such a perfect love,"
Twisted a carrot moustache, spit upon the stove.

Little boy in short coat, wants to be a man,
Following example as the current plan;
Watches goat and parson, copies every move,
And with fat and trader, spit upon the stove.

Soon the flying roller rakes with nascent steam,
Ladies almost floating, children in a stream;
Husband taking lady—"What's the matter, love?
Have a glass of water?" spit upon the stove.

On we go, still flying, not a breath of air,
Fit for Christian people, in that crowded car;
Sneaking, fainting, flying, ladies make a move,
Gent throws up the window, spit upon the stove.

Now, perchance, this dreaming was not all a
dream;
Think I've had a steaming, travelling by steam;
To a public nuisance, any one can prove,
"All the air corrupting—spitting on the stove."

Talk of ladies' fashions, ribbons, jewels, flowers,
Crimolines and perfumes, gossip, idle hours;
Put all faults together, which man can't approve,
And they're not a match for—spitting on the stove.

—Missouri Democrat.

RELIGIO CHRISTI.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Having according to Act of Congress, in the year
1866, by Deacon A. Petersen, in the Clerk's Office
of the District Court for the Eastern District of
Penn.]

Our journey to the New Country, as it was
then called, did not afford us by any means
what we expected. We found it fast filling in,
but still only thinly settled. The Australians
have no custom of grouping as the Americans
have. They care but little for agriculture, sel-
dom attempting to produce an acre more
grain than is needed for its own use; and as
there is no severe weather, no snow or frost,
beyond so much as suffices to inform the in-
habitants that there are such things, the cattle pas-
ture all the winter through on the finest of feed.
The settler in Australia confines himself as
much as possible to stock raising. His fine
wool is a most profitable article of merchandise;
and when his flocks become aged he fattens
them, hears them for the last time, and hands
them over to the boiling-down establishments,
who turn them into tallow, &c. His herds
again yield him butter, cheese, beef, mutton,
and tallow. About the period I am writing of, I
recalled seeing in the Sydney Gazette a state-
ment of the number of horned cattle, owned
severally by four of the large stockholders. The
smallest number was over nineteen thousand;
the largest close to twenty-five thousand. In
steep, the property of some of them was even
at that time still more surprising. There was
one great wool grower, respecting whom I was
told—but do not give it on my own authority—
that he had considerably beyond a hundred
thousand head. These stock farmers, of course,
are obliged to make many stations one after the
other in various parts, as they can find fresh
tracks for the fresh requirements of their increas-
ing flocks and herds. But even as to their
home stations the Australians never congregate.
The stations usually range from a mile apart to
ten, fifteen or twenty.

Our journey led us through a great deal of
country settled in this manner. The chief fea-
ture of the region, and its difference from that
more on the sea-board, consisted in its prairies,
or as they are there termed, plains. Between
them and the prairies of North America there
is no great diversity. They vary from two,
three, five, ten, to about a hundred miles in
diameter. The stations for the most part locate
themselves on the edge of the woods, or at the
point of some spur of timber that runs into the
plain. And in many instances the surface
is so level, that the stock is not out of sight
for days together. At these rural stations espe-
cially, the traveller is always expected with the
settling view. The isolated residents rejoice in
obtaining the company of fresh guests. Their
provisions are plentiful; the flock yield their
skins for coats (and a very soft and pleasant
one, half a dozen such make), whilst the opos-
sum (of a large species) trapped by the hunters,
wandering shepherd for amusement, as he fol-
lows his flock along by the roadside, furnish
the materials for a blanket (or cloak, to use the
phrase of the country), of the most luxurious,
furry softness. Sixty-three (9x7) of these skins
are the stated complement for one blanket or
cloak; when made it is large enough doubled
to envelope a tall man completely beyond
head and feet. As a bed and blanket in one,

there is I suppose nothing on earth that sur-
passes it; whilst as a protection against a day's
rain, it is as efficacious as the roof of a house.

Taken altogether, my journey was the most
delightful recreation that had ever fallen to my
lot. Yet even these fair, soothing solitudes
were to present their memorials of human weak-
ness, guilt and woe. As one has said,

"The trail of the serpent is over them all."

One sultry evening as I drew toward the end of
my day's journey across a rolling plain, and
came round the base of a hill, a hurried flight
and the cawing of a multitude of crows drew my
attention. I was just coming upon a spot where
three human figures hung gibbeted, slowly
dangling in their fetters hither and thither, and
round and round, in the faint light between me
and the gloomy vermillion sky. As I drew near
I could see that their feet were black and sun-
baked; their garments hung in tatters; the
horrible death they had died had given their
faces a very twist, and they seemed to be try-
ing to look downward; a faint, greasy odor per-
vaded all the air. I walked round the gloomy
sight two or three times: more perhaps—in short,
till I could comprehend that they were
once men, living, thinking, feeling, suffering like
myself; had had, and perhaps still had, mothers,
sisters, wives, whose love, still counting of the
years of their banishment had reached its ut-
most sum, and who now sitting by hedge row or
hearth impatiently awaited tidings of their re-
turn.

The next day as I was going along a narrow
path through the hills, with a black for my
guide, he walking only four or five feet before
me, I was suddenly checked by seeing him
jump high from the ground and hurl his tom-
hawk downwards. There was one of the dead-
ly copper-colored snakes which he had not seen
till he was actually over it. The tomahawk
had entirely disabled it; it turned and bit itself;
and watching it only about half a minute as it
lay in the full light of the sun, we saw the skin
change color for a space all round the bite of
the size of a shilling. Had he not seen it, I
should most probably have trodden on it and
been smitten by its venom to the earth, for it is
not likely that both of us would have missed it.
But my own jeopardy affected me but little
compared to the dismal, heart-rending spectacle
of the evening before.

I journeyed on alike on the week day and the
Sabbath. It used to be a common saying in the
Colony—"There is no Sunday in the bush." As
a matter of fact it was most true; I should
say not more than one man in one hundred, if
so many, paid any religious regard to it. I, of
course, was among the ninety-nine. And yet the
sublime character of the day often struck
me from the poetical point of view. What a
grand thing it would be, I thought, if one could
take some stand that commanded a view of the
progress of the sounds and scenes of the Sab-
bath day round the globe of the earth:—to
hear the first faint matin song awaken almost
like a plaint in desolate, chastised Jerusalem,
and only from the temples of the pilgrim and
the stranger; then swell into bolder psalm as it
rolled along the snow-capped hills of Norway,
and around the echoes of the Mediterranean shores;
till arrived at the land of the Saxon and Celt,
its million-voiced anthem rolled on a sea of
sound to the very shores of heaven, and reach-
ed the ears of seraph and departed saint;—
then once more, strains few and far between,
but mellow and bold and sonorous, from God's
workshops stemming the main; and then the
about revived in the Saxon tongue vast and
voluminous as before from the land, where not
men only, but now nations are forming a com-
monwealth, till earth's great choral psalm—its
one sole song on the one concentric theme—
—closed in the semi-barbaric chant of the giant
Russ. More and more clear to me, speculatively
it seemed, that religion after all was a
world's matter—an every man's business; and
therefore I, myself, the deluded, and not they
in error, a world of fools. How indeed could I
think otherwise, now that I had begun to
think for myself?

But I even speculated further than this.
"God," I said, quoting the Scripture words,
"saw everything that He had made, and behold
it was very good. Thus the heavens and the
earth were finished, and all the host of them.
And God rested on the seventh day from all
His work which He had made." But man will
not rest. How is this? Is labor so much
easier to man than it was to God? No! That
cannot be it. Have we so much more to do
than God? No! For every whit of our work,
save the single article of saving the soul, has
got to come to naught. But why did God rest?
Because He saw that what He had done "was
very good." Here is the point of divergence.
Here is the reason why our minds do not travel
on the same track as His. There is a secret
whisper within us that our work is not done—
that the six days' labor has left a something yet
undone. Mysterious monitor speaking like in the
savage, unconscious of his fault, and the
Bible-versed scholar! Let us reverse the suppo-
sition. Let us suppose a man who has taken
for his six days' work, and faithfully pursued
the object laid down for him by his Creator as
the one great care. Will such an one be willing
to rest? Why he is the very man and the only
man who will! And he is the very man and the
only man who can say that so far as his intent
and his non-perfected ability went, his work "is
very good," of the right sort, honestly and
ardently executed. All this, I thought, does
assuredly report most coherently for the Bible,
most coherently with it.

May I add a couple of the thoughts of
later years? What an idiotic course it is
to work one-seventh more than we need!
When the Creator has said that we shall be
as well off, ay, far better in the total pro-
cess of life by working six days than by
working seven, how exceedingly foolish to
work seven! Does our Creator know how
best to do us? Into whose hands will it fall
in the end, ours or His, to cast up the account,
and strike the balance of obedience and non-
obedience, and declare what is coming to us?
And is it possible that knowing as we do, that
He has got the books in His hand, that He will
do the reckoning not we ourselves—is it pos-
sible that any one of us can be so inane as
not to believe Him, when He tells us plainly
that certain things will be put down against us,
and swell the debit in the worst way?

Then again, what a blessing it gives to a
human creature to review his course at the in-
terval appointed and say respecting it, "very
good." What satisfaction, cheerfulness, en-
couragement, energy? Or, if it cannot say so,
to be thus checked every little while, and cau-
tioned of the prevalent error of its tempera-
ment, and held harmless for the love of time
whilst it takes the matter into consideration
and re-projects its course; and this on the sa-
cred and inviolable guarantee of a divine
pledge. We must be blind indeed not to see
such great truths as these, they lying scat-
tered in our very path.

Does the reader wonder that I walked on an
unsuccessful, discontented man. I do not. It
could not have been otherwise, God being be-
nevolent. For Him to have ordained me suc-
cess, would have been to give me over to ruin.
What should I have thought of amidst a plea-
sant lot? Only the pleasures of that lot. My
mind would certainly not have forsaken the
pleasant to the painful; the delicious fruits of
sin for the bitter herbs of repentance. How
wise is God! How every act of His will bear
investigation!

Tired of trying to find work, I faced toward
Bathurst, across an almost unoccupied country;
always assured of the plentiful and healthful
meal at morning and night, with sheepskins
and a fur cloak for repose. I did not hurry
myself; often laid down under a shady tree, by
a welcome spring, or on the fresh and brilliant
green sward of soft-sloping banks, rich in fair,
unknown flowers; whilst there glided on be-
side me the river, clear, and still, and limpid,
through mountain-walled plains all verdant,
level as a garden; their long avenues between
the hills, varied here and there by clusters of
acacia trees prodigal of plummy blossoms; like
"bowers of the blessed," forsaken of their in-
habitants; beautiful beyond depicting, but
transient, lone, and as the glades of Eden,
when the faithful pair had departed to begin
their age of woe. Utterly bewildered was my
whole nature at this time. I knew, I felt, I
longed; but all to no end. Now I admired
this, now preferred that. To-day I believed;
the next day doubted; my whole conscious in-
telligent being one wide shifting sand; not a
single foot of solid surface throughout it where
the immortal Ego could rest, and say on this
will I build my home.

Bathurst proved no more auspicious to me
than "The New Country." I had no knowledge
of either agriculture or stock farming. The
town was a grotesque little settlement, a very
varied plain and mountain landscape surrounding
it. Some of the farms had many miles of fence
on them, chiefly three, four and five rail fences
of split stuff, with posts of the same, half-a-rod
apart.

From this district I turned across the Blue
Mountains, once more facing toward Sydney.
Cloud-capped mountain ridges, stupendous re-
vines, fire-scathed rock-runs, where one could
fancy that the old Titans had their forges; but
the features of this remarkable district neither
pen nor pencil will ever do justice to. To be
convinced, it must be seen.

As I passed through it, I heard of an incident
very significant of the locality of its occurrence.
A settler in one of the wild dells had become
very rich in stock in a very short period.
Everybody wondered at and admired his good
luck. He had originally been a convict, but
still no suspicion of present predatory habits
gathered around him. He was well looked up-
on by the gentry; was always about; and ap-
parently of a most open, candid character. At
length, by mere accident, some sheep of an
other settler's brand were found in one of his
flocks. This led to further discoveries, and
these to others more damning still. And
eventually it was proved that he had been in
the habit of making his way through the wild
gorges of the mountains, through which he could
travel as no other white man could, to distant
parts of the country; from which, on his return,
he would bring fifty or a hundred ewes, stolen
by night from some settler's pen, or craftily
cut off from the rest of the flock by a trained
dog, as they fed, scattered about on their run.
Almost his whole stock was claimed by the
owners, one after another, and he was sent to
a distant penal settlement.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BYRON'S TRELAWNY-FICATION.

Poor Byron, in life, had an intimate friend;
He told him his secrets, he read him his songs;
And he trusted, that when he should come to his
end,

Trelawny would shelter his ashes from wrongs.
In this friend of his bosom he trusted—and died—
"Neath the sky of the stranger—neglected and
lonely.

And his friend from the corpse drew the elements
aside,

To doat every sore and to measure each bone.

Of deformities hidden, of sores never told,
His friend gained the sight by the shroud thus
unfolded.

For, of all that the world will the soonest pay gold,
There is nothing so relished as scorn of the gifted.

The scorn makes a book—and the secrets are
known!

The hard so immortal was pitiful, even!
But, hereafter, the gifted will pray, with a groan,
From Trelawny-fication, deliver us, Heaven!

—Home Journal.

INFLUENCE OF THE PIANO.—The real secret
of the increase of vocal culture, allowing for
all other motives, is in the universal dissemina-
tion of the piano. Women and men have learn-
ed to sing alone, and not in classes, as former-
ly. A piano in a house always develops one
or two independent singers. They learn to
sing songs, and the learning to sing acceptably
two or three songs really involves more train-
ing, and culture, and vocal development, than
the maintenance of an undisputed place in an
old fashioned choir of twenty years. This in-
dependent musical education becomes the very
best possible preparation for the choir; and if
the best choirs in New England will trace back
the history of their best and most reliable ele-
ments, they will find them conquering diffi-
ties singly at the side of the piano. The church
may suspect, sometimes, that there is a great
waste of effort on frivolous music, but the fact is,
that this very music has contributed indirectly
to elevate church music more than all
other causes put together.

THE TRAILING ARBUTUS.

(THE MAY FLOWER.)

Darlings of the forest
Blossoming alone,
When earth's grief is sorest
For her jewels gone,—
Ere the last snow drift melts, your tender buds
have flown.

Tinged with color faintly,
Like the morning sky,
Or more pale and saintly
Wrapped in leaves ye lie,
E'en as childhood sleeps in faith's simplicity.

There the wild wood robin
Hymns your solitude,
And the rain comes sobbing
Through the budding wood,
While the low south-wind sighs, but dares not be
more rude.

Were your pure lips fashioned
Out of air and dew—
Starlight unimpeded—
Dawn's moist tresses hue?
And scented by the winds that gathered sweets for
you?

Fairest and most lovely,
From the world apart,
Made for beauty only—
Veiled from nature's heart
With such unconscious grace as makes the dream of
art.

Were not mortal sorrow
An immortal shade,
Then would I to-morrow
Such a flower be made,
And lie in the dear woods where my lost childhood
played.

EVERYTHING AFTER ITS KIND.

Everything after its kind, is the unchanging
law which pervades the organic world. Al-
though, from its being constantly before our
eyes, we pay it little heed, its absolute sway
over every particle of created matter is one of
the chief wonders of science. We are accus-
tomed to mark the laws of the chemical affinity
which produces many changes of shape and
color; but we are apt to pass over, unnoticed,
the power of self-preservation which resists the
disturbing force of chemical attraction, and
urges all the particles of a crystal, for example,
to adhere firmly together in one definite form.
Divide it as you will, grind it to the finest pow-
der, mix with it a thousand other substances,
and then, by dissolving it in water, allow its
immanent power to set, and as the water evap-
orates, the crystal will be formed again, ever
and always in the same mathematical figure
which it had before. Nay, more; break off a
portion, and so mar the beauty of its form;
when it meets with its kind in solution, the loss
is repaired, and the figure of the crystal is
made perfect again, before any increase of its
size takes place.

Why sulphate of potash should always as-
sume the form of six-sided prisms, and bicar-
bonate of potash that of eight-sided prisms, we,
of course, do not know, any more than we know
the full reason of anything else. But it is cer-
tain that every substance in the created world
does manifest a tendency to keep itself un-
injured, and to assume the most perfect form of
which it is susceptible—always after its kind.
From the smallest crystal which the microscope
can show us, to the most perfected of created
beings—man himself—the same absolute indivi-
duality is present.

A pure crystal will never assume a figure not
its own, any more than will an acorn grow up
into an ash-tree, or a bird spring from a quad-
ruped. There would seem to be no difference
in the nature of the power; but as we ascend
in the scale of created beings, it is very much
more clearly and beautifully manifested. What
is more wonderful, when we consider it rightly,
than to contrast the development of an acorn
and a chestnut? They do not seem to differ
much, except in shape. They are both put into
the same ground; they are both exposed to the
same influences, and the same materials are
offered to them both. The acorn seizes on
these materials, and by the life that is in it,
moulds them into an oak tree similar in form
and size to its parent; similar also in the length
of time through which it must pass before it
arrives at maturity, subject to the same dis-
eases, and destined to die at about the same
age as the tree from which it sprang. Yet, not
to die until it has transmitted to its ripened
fruit a portion of the same energy by which it
also may run the same course. The chestnut
also absorbs into itself the same materials as
did the acorn. But the energy at work is ut-
terly different, and it moulds them into a tree
of another kind. The one takes the dust of
the earth, and makes of it an oak; the other
takes the same dust and makes of it a chestnut
tree. Call this power life, organic force, ra-
tional restive force, or germ-power, we do not
understand it by one name better than by an-
other. We only know that every varied form
in nature is the exponent or outward mani-
festation of a separate perfectly distinct
force; the great law of these powers being
their complete individuality, each "after its
kind."

There have been learned men who, in tracing
the ascent from the lower forms of animated
nature to the higher, have endeavored to prove
that each grade might be made, by cultivation,
and under favorable circumstances, to attain to
the excellences of the grade above it. They
have almost implied the possibility of getting a
monkey's great toes to expand into thumbs,
and gradually to develop him into a man. But
this doctrine is utterly unsupported by facts.—
There is always manifested by the germ-power
a striving after perfection, an unflinching effort
to cast out any disturbing or contaminating
influence, but always strictly "after its
kind," not to attain to the excellences of an-
other race.

If a part of the body of an animal be destroy-
ed, there will be an effort to repair the loss.—
And it seems that the more the energy of the
germ-power is exhausted in perfecting the de-
velopment of an animal, the less is it able to
re-produce the parts of the body which may
have been accidentally lost. In man, a broken
bone will be united by new bone, and a few
other parts will be repaired by new substance.

But if his leg be amputated, he must be content
with an artificial one. A lobster, however, will
not mourn the loss of his claw for the rest of
his life, for another claw will grow; and if you
cut a worm in half, as every schoolboy knows,
both parts will live. Still, however active the
vital energy may be, the law is inviolate. Each
individual repeats exactly its parent form,
passes through the same transitions, from one
stage of development to another, runs the same
course, attains to about the same size, lives to
about the same age; then, having in its turn
transmitted to other individuals the same un-
changeable germ-power, dies.

One of the best known instances of the al-
most unextinguishable vitality of germ-power
is witnessed in the Hydra viridis. It would al-
most seem that any little bit that has once been
alive, has the power of re-producing a perfect
animal. Trembley the naturalist, cut a Hydra
into four pieces. Each became a perfect Hy-
dra. He cut up these, while they were grow-
ing, with the same result, until from one Hydra
he had obtained fifty, all complete, and all ca-
pable of multiplying by gemmation in the na-
tural way. But more extraordinary still was
the result of splitting one into seven parts,
leaving them connected by the tail. The Hydra
became seven-headed, and Trembley saw them
all eating at the same time. He cut off the
seven heads, and Hydra-like, they sprang forth
again. "Even the fabulist dared not invent
such a prodigy as the naturalist now saw. The
heads of the Lernean Hydra perished after ex-
ecution: the heads of this Hydra grew for them-
selves bodies, and multiplied with as much vigor
as their parent trunk."

Probably this power of re-producing a perfect
animal from a small part of one, is one of the
methods by which creatures so endowed pre-
serve their race from being destroyed by the
animals who feed upon them. When one of
the brittle star-fishes breaks itself to pieces, it
disappears the naturalist who is seeking for
specimens. But nothing can be more satisfac-
tory to a creature about to be devoured by a ra-
vencous enemy, than to break off a little bit for
him, and then spring up again, not one indi-
vidual, but a dozen.

This power of multiplication is confined to
those creatures whose structure is comparatively
very simple. In the higher forms the
germ-power is expended in the development.—
In man it is only equal to the preservation of
the integrity of the body, and not to the re-pro-
duction of any large part that may be lost. But
the process of repair illustrates very beauti-
fully the manner in which the germ-power com-
municates, to every particle of matter, its own
characteristic life. In the healing of a large
open wound, the first step is the effusion of a
semi-fluid substance, consisting of layers of mi-
nute cells, from which are to be produced gra-
nululations; that is, small round projections
which grow up to replace the loss of substance
which the disease has occasioned. To form
these, it is necessary that blood-vessels should
be sent into the cellular substance, which are
soon formed. On the side of a blood-vessel ly-
ing under the cells, a small swelling or pouch
is observed to protrude, which gradually elon-
gates itself in a curved direction. A little far-
ther on, a similar pouch is seen, which also
elongates itself, and directs its course unerr-
ingly to meet its fellow. At the crown of the arch
they unite, the partition wall at their closed
ends clears away, and a perfect arched tube is
formed, through which the blood flows. From
the crown of two adjacent arches, similar out-
growing pouches arise, converge, unite; and in
this way granulations are supplied with blood.
The wonder of this process is: how, in a day,
a hundred or more of these fine loops of mem-
branous tube less than one thousandth of an
inch in diameter, should be upraised, not by any
force of pressure, but each by a living growth
and development.

Suppose one of these outgrowing blood-ves-
sels should be injured and should burst. The
minute blood-globules will escape and lie in a
confused mass! But only for a short time.—
These little globules of blood are alive; and
by their own in-dwelling energy they will ar-
range themselves in the line which the vessel
should have taken, channelling out a way for
themselves, through the granulation cells, until
a membranous wall is formed around them, and
the arch is completed as before. We see, in
this instance, a characteristic of the animated
germ, that it is diffused through many parts,
causing them to concur in the right time and
measure to the attainment of the perfect de-
sign. An animal is not developed as a tree
grows; but all the parts—the blood and the
vessels in which it is to flow, the nerves and
muscles, as well as the different limbs of the
body—are being formed at the same time; cre-
ative energy presiding over every part, and
causing them all to combine in one harmonious
development.

In the repair of injuries, not only is the loss
supplied by the right material, but the new ma-
terial is always of the same age as that which it
replaces. The skin of an adult will not be re-
placed by the delicate skin of an infant. In the
reproduction of the foot of a lizard it grows at
once into the full dimensions of the part, ac-
cording to the age of the animal. And Spallanzani
mentions that when a salamander's leg is
removed, the new limb will be developed in
form and structure, like the larva; but as to
size, it will, from the beginning, be developed
to the full proportions of the animal.

As no amount of cultivation, or any combina-
tion of favorable circumstances will ever do
more than produce a perfect individual of its
own species, and never develop it in any char-
acteristic of a superior class; so, with regard
to the instincts and dispositions of animals, the
same law prevails. You may, indeed, tame one
individual of any race, as a lion or a bear, and
make him know his master, and be gentle and
obedient to him. But, turn the lion into his
native forest again, and let the pangs of hunger
awaken his natural disposition, and the woods
will once more resound with his roar, and he
obey the dictates of his appetite as unscrupu-
lously as ever. Even if an individual could be
changed in these respects, the change would
not be transmitted to his offspring. The lion's
cub would be as genuine a lion as though their
parent had never left his African home.

The natural temper of a horse is quite differ-
ent; however wild he may be, he is not fierce.
"When an American hunter wishes for a steed,

he merely rides into a troop of wild horses,
flings his lasso over one of them, mounts him,
and allows him to fly over the plain until he has
fairly fatigued himself; then, without curb,
without instruction, in defiance of all the laws
of habit, he is found perfectly quiet and man-
ageable, and over after continues so." We
shall find the same thing true with respect to
all domesticated animals. They have been origi-
nally tamed from their state of wild freedom,
but no change has been effected in their na-
ture. The most striking instance of altered
habits is presented in the dog, if he indeed be a
domesticated wolf. The similarity between the
animals is very great; their skeletons being al-
most exactly uniform; both are born blind, and
both first see the light on the tenth or twelfth
day. Their average length of life also is the
same. But, if they be blood relations, we do
not find any new nature in the dog; for his wild
cousin will, under proper treatment, manifest
as great gentleness and affection as himself. M.
Cuvier has recorded the history of a pet wolf,
which, after eighteen months of absence, heard
his master's voice in the crowd who were visit-
ing the place of his confinement, and instantly
recognized him with extravagant demonstra-
tions of joy. He was again parted from his
master, and was wretched. A dog was given
him as a companion, and they lived happily to-
gether. But once again the old familiar tone
was heard, the faithful wolf rushed to his
master, licked his face, and uttered such cries
of joy, that the spectators were affected to
tears.

HORSE TAMING.

The art of subduing horses of vicious and
ungovernable dispositions, has assumed an im-
portance only commensurate to its great utility.
The wonderful success of our countryman, Mr.
Raney, in England and France, has created a
great excitement, and a consequent desire to be
informed of the method by which these as-
tonishing results are achieved. I am more par-
ticularly induced to revert to this subject, from
the fact that numerous recipes have been pub-
lished in New England papers, professing to be
the method by which Mr. Raney subdues and
has acquired so much control over the horse.
One of the recipes is as follows:—"Take the
grated horse-castor or wart, which grows on
the inside of the horse's leg, put it on an apple
or other enticing substance, and let him eat it;
then rub a few drops of the oils Cumini and
Rhadium upon his nose."

It is stated that these drugs possess some
potent charm by which the animal is rendered
oblivious to his vicious propensities, and his
disposition radically changed to that of sub-
servience, docility and implicit obedience to the
mandates of his conqueror. In response to
which I unhesitatingly assert that no such result
is produced. The horse castor exhalates an ex-
tremely pungent ammoniacal effluvia. The oil
of Cumini is manufactured from the seed of the
same name, and in small somewhat resembles
turpentine; it is very persistent, and will vol-
atilize its strong odor without any perceptible
diminution, for several days. The oil of Rha-
dium takes its name from the island of Rhodes,
or roses. It is procured by maceration from
rose leaves, and has a very agreeable and
powerful aroma. The use of the drugs in sub-
duing an ungovernable animal is quite limited.
Their powerful smells serve to attract his at-
tention for a few moments, and in this manner,
may possibly prove auxiliary to subsequent
operations in ameliorating his incorrigible
temper.

It is a fact, authentic beyond all cavilling,
that horses imbued with the most intelli-
gence and qualities of endurance, are generally
the most stubborn and implacable; hence, the
inestimable value of some process by which
they may be reduced to domestication and
consequent utility. The plan pursued by Mr.
Raney and myself produces this result, and
therefore its importance. No horse will sub-
mit to man unless convinced of his superiority.
To obtain this supremacy in ordinary cases
requires no skill, but where the animal is head-
strong and obstinate, the matter assumes a more
formidable aspect, and defies the orthodox
means by which success has been realized.

The obstinate horse, then, must be vanquish-
ed in a trial of strength, he must be placed in
such a position that all his efforts and struggles
at resistance shall be skillfully encountered, and
rendered futile. This accomplished, the horse

HOMEWARD-BOUND.

Are you sleeping—are you dreaming; are you dreaming, love, of me?
Or are you waking, thinking of your sailor on the sea?
Of the day we roamed by Athol woods—your hand
Just looked in mine—
Of our day of happy, happy tryst on old Saint
Valentine?

Oh, Marion, oh, Marion, the gale is piping loud,
And the billows leap to mountains, and the foam
Ries like a shroud;
Far, far from land, alone I stand, to watch till it
be day,
Mid the rolling of the thunder, and the dashing of
the spray.

Sleep, sleep, my Marion—sleep and dream, my
beautiful—sue own!
Sleep is the orphan's silent land, and thou, love,
art alone;
Sleep, till the swelling branches bend into an arch-
ing dome;
Sleep, till the quick leaves steal out to call the
young birds home.

It is night, and storm, and darkness, Marion; flash-
ing from the sky
Darts the fitful, lurid lightning, like a threat of
God's great eye;
But dream thou 'tis the Norland gleam, the harm-
less Norland light
He sends but as the herald of the glory of his
might!

Bless God, my darling, for the gift he dealeth unto
thee,
Amid thy calm and sunny bowers, soft dreams of
the wild sea;
And to me, whose glimpses of the land are beautiful
as brief,
To me, the storm-tossed mariner, the love of the
green leaf!

Oh, doubly sweet my thoughts of thee upon the
surgings main,
And doubly dear the day shall dawn that brings
me back again;
When I tread your cottage-garden—pluck the wild-
flower from the wall—
With my arm around my Marion's neck—the sweet-
est flower of all!

Blow, blow, ye winds! blow fierce and strong! the
heavens your breath command;
I care not, I, how fiercely, so ye blow to mine own
loved land:
In the roar of the mighty waters my spirit shall
rejoice,
So they drown not the glad music of my Marion's
welcome voice.

'Tis by Athol that she slumbers—'tis by Athol that
she strays;
Oh, wait me, heavens! to Athol in the spring of
the young days:
There once more my steps shall wander—with thy
hand fast locked in mine—
By Athol woods, with thee, my Marion, on the old
Saint Valentine! E. L. H.

A SINGULAR STORY.

The interest in Hume, the American medium, has recently been revived by a singular incident, which I will relate to you. A few evenings since a select company of Russians and Parisians were assembled at Madame la Comtesse de T——'s. The conversation was on spiritual manifestations, when M. Hume entered. Then followed a serious discussion regarding the manifestations of spirits—if it were possible to obtain from them useful service, salutary information, counsel, advice, or even recompense or chastisement. M. Hume declared that these manifestations permitted by Supreme Power could not be considered as frivolous experience by any one in possession of reason; that he had never known of a spiritual manifestation which had not produced good results; and he was convinced that the Supreme Power often employed such supernatural agency to punish the sins of men. This assertion quieted the objections of some, but was received with credulity by many of the company.

Suddenly M. Hume arose from the couch on which he was seated, and said—

"Madame la Comtesse, you are expecting a visit this evening from a stranger."

"It is true," replied Madame de T——; "but how came you to know it?"

"It matters little—you expect him?"

"Yes; Lord R——, a young man of much merit, who arrived to-day in Paris. He has not seen any one as yet, and leaves to-morrow morning. How, then, did you know he was coming this evening?"

"I know only he is coming; I have never seen him; I did not know his name; but it has just been revealed to me that an extraordinary event has recently occurred in a chateau belonging to his family—an illustration of chastisement by spiritual agency. He has arrived—he rings—let him relate the event."

The door opened, and the servant announced Lord R——.

Madame T—— presented M. Hume to Lord R——, and related the previous conversation and assertion of the American medium. Lord R——'s face expressed the greatest surprise.

"I have never related to any one," he said, "that which I shall now tell you, on account of M. Hume's curious revelation. He is right; a strange and fearful event has recently occurred in my family; but you shall judge for yourselves."

"My elder brother had been married six years to the daughter of M——, when he became acquainted with an actress of Drury Lane Theatre—Miss E——."

"The liaison of my brother and Miss E—— being soon known, did him the greatest injury; and was a cause of deep grief to his wife. Blinded by his passion, my brother browed the world's opinion, and became indifferent to his wife's sufferings; he obliged Miss E—— to leave the theatre, gave her an elegant house in London, and during the summer took her to Scotland, that he might not be separated from her. His wife died with sorrow, and in dying committed her two sons to my care. My brother's unhappiness at this event was mingled with remorse, but he refused to separate himself from Miss E——. A year since he was in Scotland at his estate near Edinburgh. Miss E—— was there also."

"One night he had a dream that his wife appeared to him. He saw her figure bending over his bed, and heard her sobbing bitterly."

"Why do you weep, Anna?" he asked, in his dream.

"I weep because the actress who robbed me of my husband's love will also deprive my children of their father's affections," replied the spirit.

"You are deceived, Anna; nothing can weaken the tender affection I have for my children."

"Alas! you think so; but she will prove stronger than your will; yet I am come to protect you from her arts. Here is the veil I wore on our wedding-day—keep it always—it shall save you and my children from the snare of that woman!"

"Saying these words, she folded the veil, and placed it round my brother's neck, then kissing him on the forehead, she disappeared."

"On feeling the icy tears streaming over his brow and face, he leaped from his bed, and gazed around him to assure himself he had been dreaming—but suddenly a piercing cry broke from his lips—the veil was about his neck!"

This vision, mingled with the reality, touched his heart: he was resting against the bed, lost in thought, when Miss E—— entered the room. Seeing traces of violent agitation on his features, she demanded the cause.

"My dear Helen," he replied, "our life is culpable, it must change—God ordains it!"

"He then related the dream, and showed her the veil."

"Is that all?" said Helen, laughing heartily. "You have, indeed, lost your wits! Do you not see that this is a trick played on you by some member of your wife's family?—but stay I will destroy at once the charm with the talisman."

"She tore the veil from his neck, ran to the fire and threw it into the flames. In the swift-ness of her movements, her dress, which was very ample, displaced suddenly a large volume of air, drawing the flames out from the chimney into the room. A tongue of flame swept round the young girl, instantly enveloping her light, free robe, and, in spite of immediate succor, she expired in the most horrible sufferings."

You will remember, the journals of the day announced the fearful death of Miss E——; but the singular history connected with the event has remained until now a secret."

It is needless to add that the persons present were deeply affected and impressed by the story of Lord R——. All Paris is at present occupied with its details. Unfortunately, I was not present at that soirée, but, as a faithful reporter, I repeat to you that which the Count N—— has told me, who was not only present, but has since become a faithful disciple of Mr. Hume.—*Boston Transcript.*

HOW TO CATCH A THIEF.—I remember a country friend of mine had his pocket picked of a handkerchief, and was grievously annoyed. He regarded it as a species of reflection upon his own vigilance. Determined to be revenged upon some of the pickpocket tribe he procured fish-hooks, and had them fastened into the pockets of an old coat, with the bars downwards. He, thus accoutred, sallied forth into the Strand in the dusk of the evening. Amid a crowd of Charing cross he felt a hand in his pocket, and, giving himself a jerk, as he said, to get the hooks well into the rogue's flesh, he moved on with his prey closely following. He then quickened his pace, giving every now and then another jerk. In this mode, affecting not to feel the fish he had hooked, he led the knave clear of the crowd to a bye street. "Now, my fine fellow, I have you; don't fish in my pockets again!" He unbuckled his coat to slacken the pocket, but in vain did the thief endeavor to extricate himself; the hooks were too deep in his hand, so my acquaintance took out his knife, and whipped off the skirt of the old coat he had used for the trap, and bade the pickpocket walk off to a surgeon, as he thought he had been tolerably well punished.—*Cyrus Redding's Recollections.*

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

I.

A youth would marry a maiden,
For fair and fond was she;
But she was rich, and he was poor,
And so it might not be.

A lady never could warm—
Her mother held it firm—
A gown that came of an India plant,
And not of an India worm!

And so the cruel word was spoken,
And so it was two hearts were broken.

II.

A youth would marry a maiden,
For fair and fond was she;
But he was high, and she was low,
And so it might not be.

A man who had worn a spur
In ancient battle won,
Had sent it down, with great renown,
To send his future son!

And so the cruel word was spoken,
And so it was two hearts were broken.

MAXIMS OF BISHOP MIDDLETON.—Persevere against discouragements. Keep your temper. Employ leisure in study, and always have some work in hand. Be punctual and methodical in business, and never procrastinate. Never be in a hurry. Preserve self-possession, and do not be talked out of conviction. Rise early, and be an economist of time. Maintain dignity without the appearance of pride; manner is something to everybody, and everything with some. Be guarded in discourse, attentive, and slow to speak. Never acquiesce in immoral or pernicious opinions. Be not forward to assign reasons to those who have no right to ask. Think nothing in conduct unimportant or indifferent. Rather set than follow examples. Practice strict temperance, and in your transactions remember the final account.

WIFE.—The origin of the word "wife" has recently been the subject of much discussion. Trench, a high authority on the "study of words," remarks that the word belongs to the same family as weaves, woolf, web, and the German weben. It is the title given to a person who is engaged at the web and woolf, these having been the most ordinary branches of female industry and wifely employment when the language was forming. So that in the word itself is wrapped up a hint of earnest, in-door, stay-at-home occupations, as being fitted for her who bears this name!

LOST ALICE.

CHAPTER I.

Why did I marry her? I often asked myself the question, in the days that succeeded our honeymoon. By right, I should have married no one. Yet I loved her, as I love her still.

She was, perhaps, the strangest character of her age. In her girlhood, I could not comprehend her; and I often think, when I raise my eyes to her grave, quiet face, as she sits opposite me at dinner, that I do not comprehend her yet. There are many thoughts working in her brain of which I know nothing, and flashes of feeling look out at her eyes now and then, and go back again, as captives might steal a glimpse of the outer world through their prison bars, and turn to their brick-walled solitude once more. She is my wife. I have her and hold her as no other can. She bears my name, and sits at the head of my table; she rides beside me in my carriage, or takes my arm as we walk; and yet I know and feel, all the time, that the darling of my past has fled from me forever, and that it is only the ghost of the gay Alice, whom I won in all the bloom of her bright youth, that lingers near me now.

She was not a child when I married her, though she was very young. I mean, that life had taught her lessons which are generally given only to the gray-haired, and had laid burdens upon her which belong of right to the old. She had been an unloved child, and at the age of sixteen she was left to herself, and entirely dependent on her own exertions.

Friends and family she had none, so she was accustomed laughingly to say; but I have since found that her sisters were living, and in happy homes, even at the time when she accepted that awful trust of herself, and went out of the great world to fulfil it. Of this part of her life she never speaks; but one who knew her then has told me much. It was a time of struggle and pain, as well it might have been. Fresh from the life of a large boarding school, she was little fitted for the bustle of a great selfish city; and the tears came to my eyes as I think, with a kind of wonder, on the child who pushed her way through difficulties at which strong men have quailed, and made herself a name, and a position, and a home. She was a writer—at first a drudge, for the weekly press, poorly paid, and unappreciated. By-and-by, brighter days dawned, and the wolf went away from the door. She was admired, read, sought after, and above all—paid. Even then, she could not use the wisdom she had purchased at so dear a rate. She held her heart in her hand, and it was wrung and tortured every day.

"I may as well stop breathing as stop loving," she would say, with a happy smile. "Don't talk to me about my folly. Let me go on with my toys; and, if they break in my hand, you cannot help it, and I shall not come to you for sympathy."

She was not beautiful; but something—whether it was her bright, happy face, or the rest less gaiety of her manner—bewitched people, and made them like her. Men did the maddest things imaginable for her sake; and not only young men in whom folly was pardonable, but those who should have been too wise to be caught by the sparkle of her smile, or the gay ringing of her laugh. She did not trust them; her early life had taught her better; but I think she liked them for a while, till some newer fancy came, and then she danced past them, and was gone.

It was in the country that I met her first; and there she was more herself than in the city. We were distant relatives, though we had never seen each other, and the Fates sent me to spend my summer vacation with my mother's aunt, in a country village, where she was already domesticated. Had I known this, I should have kept my distance; for it was only a fourteenth or fifteenth cousinship that lay between us, and I had a kind of horror of her. I hardly knew why. I was a steady-going, quiet sort of lawyer, and hated to have my short holiday of rest and quiet broken in upon by a fine lady. I said as much to my aunt, in return for her announcement of "Alice Kent is here," with which she greeted me. She looked over her spectacles in quiet wonder as I gave her a slight sketch of the lady's life, as I had had it from the lips of "Mrs. Grundy" herself.

"Well—live and learn, they say. But whoever would think it was our Alice you are talking of, Frank! However, I'll say no more about her. You'll have plenty of time to get acquainted with her, in the month you mean to pass here. And we are glad to see you, and your bed-room is ready,—the one you used to like."

I took up my hat, and strolled away to have a look at the farm. By-and-by, I got over the orchard wall, and crossed the brook, and the high road, and went out into the grove behind the house, whose farthest trees were growing on the side of the hill which looked so blue and distant from my chamber window. It was an old favorite place of mine. A broad wagon track led through the woods, out to a clearing on the other side, where was a little sheet of water, called The Fairy's Looking-glass, and a beautiful view of a lovely country, with the steeped green hills lying down in the distance, wrapped in a soft fleecy mantle of cloud and haze. I could think of nothing when I stood there, on a fine sunny day, but the long gaze of Bunyan's Pilgrim through the shepherd's glass, at the beautiful city towards which he was journeying. And it seemed sometimes as if I could wander "over the hills and far away," and lose myself in one of the fair valleys at the foot of those hills, and be content never to come out and face the weary world again more.

I walked slowly through the woods, with the sunshine falling through the green leaves of the young beeches in chequered radiance on my path, drawing in long breaths of the fresh air, and feeling a tingling in my veins and a glow at my heart, as if the blood were flowing newly there, until I came to the little circular grove of pines and hemlocks that led out upon the Fairy's Looking-glass. Something stirred as I pierced my way through the branches, and I heard a low growl.

A girl was half-sitting, half-lying in the sun-

shine beside the little lake, throwing pebbles into the water, and watching the ripples that spread and widened to the other shore. A great black Newfoundland dog was standing between me and her, showing a formidable row of strong, white teeth, and looking me threateningly in the face.

She started, and looked sharply round, and saw me standing in the little grove with the dog between us. She burst out laughing.

I felt that I was cutting rather a ridiculous figure, but I put a bold face upon the matter, and asked coolly,

"Are you Alice Kent?"

"People call me so."

"Then I suppose I may call you cousin, for I am Frank Atherton!"

"Cousin Frank! We have been expecting you this week. When did you come?"

"Just now."

She made room for me beside her. We talked long, about our family, our mutual friends, and the old homestead of the Athertons, which she had seen, though I had not. She told me about the house, and our cousins who were then living there, and I sat listening, looking now and then at her, as she sat with the sunshine falling round her, and the great dog lying at her feet. I wondered, almost as my aunt had done, if this was indeed the Alice Kent of whom I had heard so much. She was dressed plainly, very plainly, in a kind of gray material, that fell around her in light, soft folds. A knot of plain, blue ribbon fastened her linen collar, and a gipsy hat, lying beside her, was trimmed with the same color. Her watch-chain, like a thread of gold, and a diamond ring, were the only ornaments she wore. Yet I had never seen a dress I liked so well. She was tall (too tall, I should have said, had she been any one else; for, when we were standing, her head was almost on a level with mine) and slender, and quick and agile in all her movements. Her brown hair was soft and pretty, but she wore it carelessly pushed away from her forehead; not arranged with that nicety I should have expected in a city belle. Her features were irregular, full of life and spirit, but decidedly plain; her complexion fair, her mouth rather large, frank and smiling; her eyebrows arched, as if they were asking questions; and her eyes large, and of a soft, dark gray, very pleasant to look into, very puzzling too, as I found afterwards to my cost. Those eyes were the only beauty she possessed, and she unconsciously made the most of them. Had she been a Carmelite nun, she would have talked with them; she could not have helped it. When they laughed, it seemed their normal state—the bright-beaming glance they gave; but, when they darkened suddenly and grew softer and deeper, and looked up into the face of any unfortunate wight with an expression peculiar to themselves, heaven help him!

Though I had known her only five minutes, I felt that, when I chanced to look up and meet a curious glance she had fixed on me. She had ceased to talk, and was sitting, with her lips half apart and a lovely color mantling on her cheek, studying my face intently, when our eyes met. There was an electric kind of shock in the gaze. I saw the color deepen and go up to her forehead, and a shiver ran over me from head to foot. It was dangerous for me to watch that blush, but I did; and I longed to know its cause, and wondered what thought had brought it.

"Fred, bring me my hat," she said to her dog, affecting to yawn. "It is time for us to go home to supper, I suppose. Are you hungry, Cousin Frank?"

"Yes—no," I answered, with my thoughts still running on that blush.

She laughed good-naturedly, and took the hat from the Newfoundland, who had brought it in his mouth.

"How fond you are of that great dog," I said, as we rose from our seat beneath the tree.

"Fond of him!" She stooped down over him with a sudden impetuous movement, took his head between her two hands, and kissed the beauty-spot on his forehead. "Fond of him, Cousin Frank! Why, the dog is my idol! He is the only thing on earth who is or has been true to me, and the only thing—" She stopped short, and colored.

"That you have been true to," I said, finishing the sentence for her.

"So people say," she answered, with a laugh. "But look at him—look at those beautiful eyes, and tell me if any one could help loving him. My poor old Fred! So honest in this weary world!"

She sighed, and patted his head again, and he stood wagging his tail and looking up into her face, with eyes that were as she had said, beautiful, and, what was better far, brimful of love and honesty.

"I doubt if you will keep pace with us," she said, after we had walked a few steps; "and Fred is longing for a race: I always give him one through the woods. Would you mind?"

"Oh dear, no!"

The next moment she was off like the wind, and the dog tearing after her, barking till the woods rang again. I saw her that night no more.

CHAPTER II.

I was, as I have already said, a grave, steady-going lawyer, verging towards a respectable middle age, with one or two gray hairs showing among my black locks. I had had my dreams and fancies, and my hot, eager, generous youth, like most other men; and they had passed away. But one thing I had not known, one thing I had missed (save in my dreams), and that was a woman's love.

If I ever gave my visions a body and a name, they were totally unlike all the realities I had ever seen. The wife of my freeride reveries was a slight, delicate, gentle creature, with a pure pale face, sweet lips, the bluest and clearest of eyes, the softest and finest of golden hair, and a voice low and sweet, like the murmuring of an Aeolian harp. And she sat by my chair, in silence; loving me always, but loving me silently, and her name was Mary. I dare say, if I had met the original of this placid picture in life, I should have wooed and won her, and have been utterly miserable.

So, as a matter of course, I fell into danger

now. When Alice Kent went singing and dancing through the house, leaving every door and window open as she went, I used often to lay down my pen and look after her, and feel as if the sun shone brighter for her being there. When she roared through the grove or orchard with the great dog at her heels, I smiled, and patted Fred on the head; when she rode past the house at a hand gallop on her gray pony, Fra Diavolo, and leaped him over the garden gate, and shook her whip sanely in my face, I laid aside my book to admire her riding, and never thought her unwomanly or ungraceful.

We grew to be great friends—like brother and sister, I used to say to myself. How that liking glided gradually into loving, I could not have told. I met her one day in the village street. I turned a corner, and came upon her suddenly. She was walking slowly along, with her dog beside her, and her eyes fixed upon the ground, looking graver and more thoughtful than I had ever seen her before. At sight of me her whole face brightened suddenly; yet she passed me with a slight nod and a smile, and took her way towards home. Seeing that flash of light play over her grave face, and feeling the sudden bound with which my heart sprang up to meet it, I knew what we were to each other.

It was late when I reached home, after a musing walk. The farmer and his wife had gone to bed, the children were at a merry-making at the next house, and a solitary light burned from the parlor window, which was open. The full moon shone fairly in a sky without a cloud. I unfastened the gate and went in; and there in the open door sat Alice, with a light shawl thrown over her shoulders, her head resting on the shaggy coat of the Newfoundland dog. His beautiful brown eyes watched me as I came up the path, but he did not stir.

I sat down near her; but on the lower step, so that I could look up in her face.

"Alice, you do not look well."

"But I am. Quite well. I am going away to-morrow."

"Going away! Where?"

"Home. To London. Well! What else you, Cousin Frank! Did you never hear of any one who went to London before?"

"Yes; but why do you go?"

"Why?" She opened her eyes and looked at me. "For many reasons. Firstly, I only came for six weeks, and I have stayed nearly three months; secondly, because I have business which can be put off no longer; and thirdly, because my friends are wondering what on earth keeps me here so long (they will say soon, it is you, Frank). They vow they cannot do without me any longer, and it is pleasant to be missed, you know."

"And so you are going back to the old life, Alice! And by-and-by I suppose you will marry?"

I would not advise any man, be he old or young, in case he does not think it wise or prudent to marry the woman he loves, to linger with her in the doorway of a silent farmhouse, and hold her hand, and look out upon a moonlight night. The touch of the small slight fingers was playing the mischief with my good resolutions, and my wisdom (if I had any).

"Alice," I said, softly, and I almost started, as she did, at the sound of my own voice, it was so changed. "Alice, we have been very happy here."

"Very."

I took both her hands, and held them close in mine. But she would not look at me, though her face was turned that way.

"There is a great difference between us, dear Alice. I am much older than you, and much graver. I have never loved any woman but you in my life, while you have charmed a thousand hearts, and had a thousand fancies. If you were what the world thinks you, and what you try to make yourself out to be, I should say no more than this—I love you. But I know you have a heart. I know you can love, if you will; and can be true, if you will. And so I beseech you to talk to me honestly, and tell me if you can love me, or if you do. I am not used to asking such questions of ladies, Alice, and I may seem rough and rude; but believe me, when I say you have won my whole heart, and I cannot be happy without you."

"Yes, I believe you," she said.

"But do you trust me, and do you love me?"

She might trifle with a trifle, but she was earnest enough with me.

"I trust you, and I love you," she answered, frankly. "Are you wondering why I can stand before you, and speak so calmly? Because, I do not think I shall ever marry you. You do not love me, as I have always said my husband should love me. I am wayward and exacting, and should weary your life out by my constant craving for tenderness. I was made to be petted, Frank; and you, though a loving, are not an affectionate man. You would wish me at the bottom of the Red Sea before we had been married a month; and, because you could not get me there, you would go to work and break my heart, by way of amusement. I know it as well as if I had seen it all—even now."

She looked at me, and all her woman's heart and nature were in her eyes. They spoke love and passion, and deep tenderness—and all for me. Something leaped into life in my heart at that moment which I had never felt before—something that made my affection of the last few hours seem cold and dead beside its fervid glow. I had her in my arms within the instant—close—close to my heart.

"Alice! if ever man loved woman with heart and soul—madly and unreasonably if you will, but still truly and honestly—I love you, my darling."

"But will it last? Oh, Frank, will it last?"

I bent down, and our lips met in a long, fond kiss.

"You will be my wife, Alice?"

She leaned her pretty head against my arm, and her hand stole into mine again.

"Do you mean that for your answer? Am I to keep the hand, dear Alice, and call it mine?"

"If you will, Francis."

It was the first time she had ever given me that name. But she never called me by any other again until she ceased to love me; and

it sounds sweetly in my memory now, and it will sound sweetly to my dying day.

CHAPTER III.

We were married not long after, and for six months we dwelt in a "Fool's Paradise." When I think, that but for me, it might have lasted to our dying day, I can only sigh, and take up the burden of my life with an aching heart.

They had called Alice foolish—oh, how wrongly! No human being could be truer to another than she was to me.

"I only wanted to find my master, Francis," she used to say, when I laughed at her about it. "I was looking for him through all those long years, and I began to think he would never come. But, from the first moment when I heard you speak, and met your eyes, I felt that he was near me. And I am glad to wear my master's chains," she added, kissing my hand.

And I am sure she was in earnest. I possessed her best when I treated her most like a child. She was no angel—a passionate, high-spirited creature. She rebelled a thousand times a day, although she delighted in my control. But it was pretty to see her, when she turned to leave the room, with fire in her eyes, and a deep flush on her cheek—it was pretty to see her with her hand upon the lock even, drop her proud head submissively, and wait when I said—"Stop. Shut the door and listen to me." Yet it was dangerous. I, who had never been loved before, what could I do but become a tyrant, when a creature so noble as this bent down before me?

She loved me. Every chord of her most sensitive heart thrilled and trembled to my touch, and gave forth sweetest music; yet I was not satisfied. I tried the minor key.—Through her deep affection for me I wounded her cruelly. I can see it now. Some wise idea found its way into my head and whispered that I was making a child of my wife by my indulgent ways, and that her character would never develop its strength in so much sunshine. I acted upon that thought, forgetting how she had already been tried in the fiery furnace of affliction; and, quite unconscious, that while she was getting back all the innocent gaiety of her childish years, the deep lessons of her womanhood were still lying beneath the sparkling surface of her playful ways.

If, for a time, she had charmed me out of my graver self, I resolved to be charmed no more. I devoted myself again to my business, heart and soul, and sat poring for hours over law papers without speaking to her. Yet she did not complain. So long as she was certain that I loved her, she was content, and took up her pen again, and went on with the work our marriage had interrupted. Her writing-desk was in my study, by a window just opposite mine; and sometimes I would cease to hear the rapid movement of her pen, and, looking up, I would find her eyes fixed upon my face, while a happy smile was playing around her lips. One day that glance found me in a most unreasonable mood. The sense of her love half pained me, and I said curtly:

"It is bad taste, Alice, to look at any one in that way."

She dropped her pen, only too glad of an excuse to talk to me, and came and leaned over my chair.

"And why? When I love some one."

This was a bad beginning of the lesson. I wanted to teach her, and I turned over my papers in silence.

"Do I annoy you, Francis?"

"Not much."

Her light hand was playing with my hair, and her breath was warm on my cheek. I felt my wisdom vanishing, and tried to make up for its loss by an increased coldness of manner.

"One kiss," she said. "Just one, and I'll go away."

"What nonsense, Alice. What time have I to think of kisses now?"

She stood up, and looked me in the face.

"Do I tease you, Francis?"

"Very much."

She gave a little sigh—so faint that I could scarcely hear it—and left

the hall, I took it up again, and offered to be very busy.

It was a warm, bright, beautiful day, and she seemed to bring a burst of sunlight and happiness with her as she opened the door. Her own face, too, was radiant, and she looked like the Alice of the old farm-house, as she came on tiptoe and bent over my chair.

"Well, what is it?" I asked, looking up.

She laid a pretty little bouquet of violets, tied with blue ribbons, before me.

"I have been to the conservatory, and have brought you the first flowers of the season, Francis. And something else, which, perhaps, you may not like so well."

She bent over me as she spoke, and leaning her hand lightly on my shoulder, kissed me twice. She had been chary of her caresses, for some time; and when she did this of her own accord, I wheeled round in my chair, and looked up at her.

"You seem very happy to-day, Alice."

"It is somebody's birthday," she said, stationing herself upon my knee, and looking into my eyes. "And I wish somebody very many happy returns!"—her voice faltered a little—"and if there has been any wrong feeling, Francis, for the last six months, we will bury it to-day, now and forever."

She clung to me in silence, and hid her face upon my breast. I was moved, in spite of myself, and kissed the brown hair that was scattered over my shoulder, and said I was quite willing to forget everything (as if I had anything to forget!) At which she looked up with a bright smile, and I dared myself to think very magnanimous.

"And we will make a new beginning from this day, Francis."

"If you will, my child."

She caressed me again, after a queer little fashion of her own, which always made me smile, and which consisted of a series of kisses bestowed systematically on different parts of my face—four, I believe, being allotted to my forehead, two to each cheek, two to the chin, four to my lips, and four to my eyes. She went through this ceremony with a painstaking care, and then looked me in the face. All her love and tenderness seemed to come up before me in that moment, and efface the past and its unhappiness. I held her closely to my heart, and her arms were around my neck.

Will any one believe it? My wife had scarcely left me five moments before the fancy came to me that I had shown too plainly the power she had over me. For months I had been schooling myself into coldness and indifference, and at her very first warm kiss or smile, I was completely routed. She had vexed, and thwarted, and annoyed me much during those months; it would not do to pardon her so fully and entirely before she had even asked my forgiveness. I took a sudden resolution; and, when she came back into the room, was buried in my papers once more. Poor child! She had had one half-hour's sunshine, at least.

"One moment," she said, taking the pen out of my hand, and holding something up over my head. "I have a birthday gift for you. Do you want it?"

"If you give it to me, certainly."

"Then ask me for it."

I said nothing, but took up my pen again. Her countenance fell a little.

"Would you like it?" she said, timidly.

"There was a saint in old times," I said, quietly, going on with my papers, "a namesake of mine, by the way—Saint Francis of Sales—who was accustomed to say, that one should never ask or refuse anything."

"Well! But I'm not talking to Saint Francis; I am talking to you. Will you have my little gift? Say yes—just to please me—just to make my happy day still happier."

"Don't be a child, Alice."

"It is childish, I know; but indulge me this once. It is such a little thing, and it will make me very happy."

"I shall not refuse whatever you choose to give me. Only don't delay me long, for I want to go on with these papers."

The next moment she threw the toy (a pretty little brooch instilled into me by a cupid, with his quiver full of pens) at my feet, and turned away, grieved and angry. I stooped to pick up the figure—it was broken in two.

"Oh, you can condescend to lift it from the ground!" she said, sarcastically.

"Upon my word, Alice, you are the most unreasonable of beings. However, the little god of love can be easily mended."

"Yes."

She placed the fragments one upon the other and looked at me.

"It can be mended, but the accident must leave its trace, like all others. Oh, Francis!" she added, throwing herself down by my chair, and lifting my hand to her lips. "Why do you try me so? Do you really love me?"

"Alice!" I said, impatiently, "do get up. You tire me."

She rose and turned very pale.

"I will go then. But first answer my question. Do you love me, Francis?"

I felt anger and obstinacy in my heart—nothing else. Was she threatening me?

"Did you love me when you married me, Francis?"

"I did. But—"

"But you do not love me now?"

"Since you will have it," I said.

"Go on!"

"I do not love you—not as you mean."

There was a dead silence in the room as the lying words left my lips, and she grew so white, and gave me such a look of anguish that I repented of my cruelty, and forgot my anger.

"I do not mean that, Alice," I cried. "You look ill and pale. Believe me, I was only joking."

"I can hear it, Francis. There is nothing on this earth that cannot be borne—in one way or another."

She turned and left the room, quietly and sadly. The sunshine faded just then, and only a white, pale light came through the window. I so connected it with her sorrow, that to this day I can never see the golden radiance come and go across my path, without the same sharp, knife-like pang that I felt then, as she door closed behind her.

CHAPTER IV.

by the doctors as the likeliest means of restoration. It was impossible for me to go; but some friends of ours, one Mr. and Mrs. Warren, with a young daughter, were going to Italy for six months, and it was arranged that Alice should accompany them.

They remained abroad, nine months instead of six. People wondered and joked about my wife's desertion; but I only laughed, and said, I should soon go after her if she remained away much longer; and they thought we were still a model couple. But, had they seen me sitting in my office, at night, over Alice's letters from abroad, they would have known what a gulf had opened between us two. I read those letters over and over again, with aching throbs going through and through my heart, at every word. They were full of incident and interest, and people called them beautiful, who had not seen the mixture of womanly passion and childish playfulness in her character that I had seen, and which I was to see no more.

At last she returned. I came home tired enough, one evening, to find a letter lying on my table, informing me that she would cross to Dover on the morrow. I went down to Dover to meet her. Our estrangement had worn deep into my heart. She had loved me once; she should love me again!

I was worn, haggard. I took a bath and made a careful toilet after my hurried journey. As I was taking my last look in the glass, the hotel-waiter came to tell me they had arrived. I followed him, more nervous than I had ever been before in my life. Warren grasped my hands as I opened the door, and Mrs. Warren—bless her kind heart!—burst out crying.

"Oh, my dear Frank! I am so glad to see you. And we have brought you your Alice home, so well."

Next moment she entered, a little King Charles's spaniel frisking at her feet. I had her in my arms at once, but it was not until she kissed me that I knew how cold and pale she was.

"Alice, are you ill?" I asked, holding her away from me, and looking into her face.

Her eyes met mine, but their old light was quite gone.

"Not in the least, Frank," she said quietly.

"But you must remember I have not seen you for nine months and you started me a little."

My household fairy had fled, and I could only mourn that I should never look upon her sweet, young face again. It was another Alice, this I had slain my own Alice, and nothing could regenerate her.

I was like one in a dream all through the day; and when we came home, I could not wake. I had made many changes in the house, and all for her. I took her through the rooms on the day after our return, and showed her the improvements. She was pleased with the furniture; she admired the pictures and the conservatory; and seemed delighted with the little gem of a boudoir which I had pleased myself by designing expressly for her. She thanked me, too. No longer ago than a year, she would have danced through the rooms, uttering a thousand pretty little exclamations of wonder and delight, and I should have been smothered with kisses, and called a "dear old bear," or some such fit name at the end; all of which would have been very silly, but also very delightful.

I think I bore it for a month; but one morning, as I sat at my solitary breakfast—for Alice took that meal in her room now—the bitter sense of wrong and unhappiness and desertion came over me so strongly that I went up to her room.

"Are you busy?" I asked, as she laid down her pen and looked around.

"Not too busy to talk to you," she said.

"Alice, how long are we to live this life?"

She changed color.

"What life, Frank?"

"The one we are living now. It is not the happy, loving life we used to live. You are not mine as entirely and lovingly as you once were."

"I know it." And she sighed and looked drearily at me.

"Why cannot the old days come back again. If I made a terrible mistake, can you never forgive it? I thought it was foolish for us to love each other as we did—at least, to show it as we did—but I have found now, that love is earth's only true wisdom."

She smiled sadly.

"Give me back that love, Alice, which I would not have. Oh, give me back the lost sunshine."

I rose from my seat and stood beside her, but she drew back and shook her head.

"Frank, don't ask me for that."

"I shall know how to value it now, Alice."

"That may be; but I have it not to give you, my poor Frank."

I clasped her to my heart. The passion in that heart might almost have brought back life to the dead; but she did not move. She was like a statue in my arms, and only looked at me and sighed.

"Too late! Too late, Frank!"

"Will you never forgive me?"

"Forgive? Do you think I have one unkind thought or feeling towards you, Frank? Ah, no! But I am chilled through and through. My love is dead and buried. Stand away from its grave, and let us meet the world as we best may."

I leaned my head upon my hands, and my tears fell, and I was not ashamed of them. But they seemed to rouse her into a kind of frenzy.

"You!" she exclaimed, suddenly. "You, who a year ago sowed the seed which has borne this fruit, can you weep over your husband's now? Don't, Frank! Take what I can give you—take my earnest friendship—and God grant we may never part, here or in heaven."

"Ah! in heaven—if we ever get there—you will love me again."

She quoted those sad words which poor St. Pierre uttered on his dying bed:

"Que ferait une âme isolée dans le ciel même?" (What would an isolated soul do, even in Heaven itself?)

And laid her hand gently on mine.

"Heaven knows, dear Alice, that as I loved you when we first met, I loved you as I do now—happy day and love you still!"

"I am glad to hear it," she said, hurriedly.

"Heaven only knows what days and nights were mine at first. For my life had been wrapped up in yours, Frank, and it was terrible to separate them. I thought at first that I could not live. I suppose every one thinks so when a heavy blow falls. But strength was given me, and by-and-by, peace. We seem like two gray shadows, Frank, in a silent world, and we must only wait God's time; and hope that, on the other side of the grave at least, this great mistake may be set right. Believe me, I am happy in being with you, Frank—happy in thinking that the same roof shelters us, and that we shall not part till one of us two dies."

I opened my arms, and, of her own accord, she came to my heart once more: her arms were around my neck, and her head upon my shoulder, and her lips meeting mine. Not as they used to do, yet tenderly and kindly.

"We are older and wiser than we were, and sadder, too, dear Frank," she said, with a smile. "Yet who knows? It may be that all the love has not left us yet."

And thus that chapter of our life ended.

We have never touched upon the subject since; but I have waited calmly for years, and the same quiet light shines always in the eyes of Alice; the same deep, and true thrill in her heart when she hears me speaking or singing. An angel could scarcely be gentler or kinder than she who was once so impetuous and full of fire. She was unreasonable, and exacting, and ardent, and imperious in those days, I know, and my slower nature was always on the strain to keep pace with hers; but, what a bright, joyous, happy creature she was!

It would have been different but for me.—Oh, you, who read this little tale, remember in time that a kind word and a loving look cost little, although they do such great work; and that there is no wrong so deep as wrong done to a loving heart.

A GREAT SUCCESS.—The celebrity of the hour is now in the city, the famous Harvey, who has appeared as a missionary of civilization and mercy among the too long ill-treated horses. Starting with the proposition that the horse is the most intelligent and affectionate of animals, the American deliverer sweeps away all the cruel traditions of horse-breaking, all the ruffian and domineering habits which have hitherto been his lot, and proceeds upon the theory of gentleness and mutual confidence. And as a new creed should be attested by marvels, they are not wanting here. Guy Carleton, Lord Dorchester, has a horse called Harvey, a noble creature to look at, but a fiend incarnate, whose malice and ruffian behavior has determined to render his education, his hitherto been conducted, and proceeds upon the theory of gentleness and mutual confidence. And as a new creed should be attested by marvels, they are not wanting here. 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